

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, J. HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1822.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2162.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

VERNER'S PRIDE.

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM:
TO EVERY TWO DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER, WHO PAYS IN ADVANCE FOR 1863, AND TO EVERY PERSON WHO GIVES UP A CLUB FOR 1863, WILL BE GIVEN, OR SENT BY MAIL (postage prepaid by us) A HANDSOME COLORED MAP OF THE SLAVE-HOLDING STATES—FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rates.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	\$2.00
" " two years,	3.00
" " four "	5.00
Two copies, one year,	3.00
Four " "	6.00
Eight " "	10.00
Ten " "	12.00
Twenty " "	20.00

We send a copy gratis to every person who sends a club of Eight, Ten or Twenty subscribers. This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the get-up of every club.

For \$2 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, in order to pay the United States postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any amount, Bank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and one or three cent postage stamps, are also acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer draft on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BY A GRAVE.

Father, father, here I linger;
Years have passed since last I came
Thus to trace, with faltering finger,
On this stone your vanished name;

That dear name—what dear lips told it
Once—that name now named by none
But by those—how few!—who hold it
Dear as I, your lonely son.

Father, father, I am yearning
That long-vanished form to see,
That face that is but returning
Dim, as in a dream to me;
Few the years that dear face blessed me,
Ere it awoke my childish sight,
Father, no more to caress me,
From its coffin, o'er and white.

Then but as a child I wept you;
Deeply as a child's heart can,
In its love my child's heart kept you,
But no more than now I'm man.
Not as much! Oh early pined for,
Father, o'er whose grave I bow,
See, with tears these eyes are blind for
Those dear eyes that see me now.

Yes, that see me; oh, but dearest,
But more loved as years depart,
Has not death but drawn us nearer,
Ever closer, heart to heart!
Still amid thy thoughts, night's dreaming,
I have seemed to feel near you,
Guiding, guarding, to my seeming,
Me, your child, who mourn you here.

Yes, while here your dust is sleeping,
Oh, pure soul, those lips kiss'd!
You are in some far world keeping
Watch o'er those you loved in this;
Still my evil thoughts controlling,
Joying in my earthly joy,
I have felt you, grief consoling,
Warning, strengthening me, your boy.

Oh, from empty space before me,
Father, dear, that you might start!
Might now bend that dear face o'er me,
And look love into my heart!
But not to these eyes, while living,
Shall that blessed lost look come;
No more words to mine are giving
Those loved lips for ever dumb.

Shall I not hereafter know you,
Oh, my father, yet again!
Yes, to those eyes death shall show you
When I have life's joy and pain;
With the bliss of those long parted,
Oh, how cherished, oh, how sweet,
Is the thought that then glad-hearted,
Father, father, we shall meet.

The late Duke of Queensbury, leaning over the balcony of his beautiful villa at Richmond, where every pleasure was collected which wealth could purchase or luxury devise, followed with his eyes the majestic Thames, winding through groves and buildings of various loveliness, and exclaimed, "Oh that wearisome river! it will never cease running, running, and I so tired of it!" —Remains of Mrs. H. Trench.

It is not easy to understand why public singers should have any objection to encores. Is not every encore a gain?

No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BROTHER JARRUM.

By the light of a single tallow candle which flared aloft on a shelf in Peckaboy's shop, consecrated in more prosperous days to wares, but bare now, a large collected assemblage was regarding each other, with looks of eager interest. There could not have been less than thirty present, all crammed together in that little space of a few feet square. The first comers had taken their seats on the counters; the others stood as they could. Two or three men, just returned from their day's labor were there; but the crowd was chiefly composed of the weaker sex.

The attention of these people was concentrated on a little man who faced them, leaning against the wall at the back of the shop, and holding forth in a loud, persuasive tone. If you object to the term "holding forth," you must blame Mrs. Duff: it is borrowed from her. She informed us, you may remember, that the stranger who met, and appeared to avoid Lionel Verner, was no other than a "missionary from Jerusalem," taken with an anxiety for the souls of Deerham, and about to do what he could to convert them—"Brother Jarrum."

Brother Jarrum had entered upon his work, conjointly with his entry upon Peckaboy's spare room. He held nightly meetings in Peckaboy's shop, and the news of his fame was spreading. Women of all ages flocked in to hear him—you know how impressionable they have the character of being. A sprinkling of men followed out of curiosity, of idleness, or from propensity to ridicule. Had Brother Jarrum proved to be a real missionary from Jerusalem—though, so far as my knowledge goes, such messengers from that city are not common—genuinely desirous of converting them from wrath to grace, I fear his audience would, after the first night or two, have fallen off considerably. This missionary, however, contrived both to keep his audience and to increase it; his promises partaking more of the mundane nature than do such promises in general. In point of fact, Brother Jarrum was an elder from a place that he was pleased to term "New Jerusalem;" in other words from the Salt Lake city.

It has been the fate of certain spots of England, more so than of most other parts of the world, to be favored by periodical visits from these geists. Deerham was now suffering under the infliction, and Brother Jarrum was doing all that lay in his power to convert half its population into Mormon proselytes. His peculiar doctrines are of no consequence to transcribe; but some of his promises were so rich that it is a pity you should lose the treat of hearing them. They commenced with—husbands to all. Old or young, married or single, each was safe to be made the wife of one of these favored prophets the instant she set foot in the new city. This of course was a very grand thing for the women—as you may know if you have any experience with them—especially for those who were getting on the shady side of forty, and had not changed their name. They, the women, gathered together and pressed into Peckaboy's shop, and stared at Brother Jarrum with eager eyes, and listened with strained ears, only looking off him to cast admiring glances one to another.

"Stars and snakes," said Brother Jarrum, whose style of oratory was more peculiar than elegant, "what flounders me is, that the whole lot of you Britshers don't migrate of yourselves to the desired city—the promised land—the Zion on the mountains. You stop here to pinch and toil and care, and quarrel one of another, and starve your children through having nothing to give 'em, when you might go out there to ease, to love, to pence, to plenty. It's a charming city; what else should it be called the City of the Saints for? The houses have shady verandas round 'em, with sweet shrubs a-creeping up, and white posts and pillows to lean against. The bigger a house hold is, the more rooms it have got; not a lady there, if there was a hundred of 'em in family, but what's got her own parlor and bedroom to herself, which no stranger thinks of going in at without knocking for leave. All round and at without knocking for leave. The ball-room is hung with ornament, and fruits and green stuff to eat. There's trees that call cottonwood, and firs, and locusts, and balsams, and poplars, and pines, and acacias, some of 'em in

the above, engraved expressly for THE POST, from the N. Y. Illustrated News, gives a view of a large and famous spring at Tuscaloosa, Ala., which place was recently

perhaps now in the possession of the Union forces.

blossom. A family may live for nothing upon the produce of their own ground. Vegetables is to be had for the cutting; their own cows gives the milk—such milk and butter as this poor place, Deerham, never saw—but the rich flavor's imparted to 'em from the fine quality of the grass; and fruit you might feed upon till you got a surfeit. Grapes and peaches are all a hanging in clusters to the hand, only waiting to be plucked! Stars! my mouth's watering now at the thoughts of 'em! I—

"Please, sir, what did you say the name of the place was again?" interrupted a female voice.

"New Jerusalem," replied Brother Jarrum. "It's in the territory of Utah. On the maps and on the roads, and for them that have not awoke to the new light, it's called the Great Salt Lake City; but for us favored saints, it's New Jerusalem. It's Zion—it's Paradise—it's anything beautiful you may like to call it. There's a ball-room in it."

This abrupt wind up rather took some of the audience aback. A ball-room!

"A ball-room," gravely repeated Brother Jarrum. "A public hall room not far from a hundred feet long; and we have a theatre for the acting of plays; and we go for rides in winter in sleighs. Ah! did you think it was with us out there, as it is with you in the old country? One's day's to be made up of labor, labor, labor; no interlude to it but starvation and the crying of children as can't get nursed or fed! We like amusement; and we have it dancing in particular. Our great prophet himself dances: and all the apostles and bishops dance. They dance themselves down."

The assemblage sat with open eyes. New wonders were revealed to them every moment. Some of the younger legs grew restless at the mental vision conjured up.

"It's part of our faith to dance," continued Brother Jarrum. "Why shouldn't we? Didn't David dance? Didn't Jephtha dance? Didn't the prodigal son dance? You'll all dance on to the last if you come to us. Such a thing as old legs is hardly known among us. As the favored climate makes the women's faces beautiful, so it keeps the limbs from growing old. The ball-room is hung with green branches and flags: you might think it was a scene of trees lit with lamps; and

out of their houses and draw it up with no trouble. You have not got to toll half-a-mile to a spring of fresh water there! You'd never forget the silver lake at the base of Antelope Island, once you set eyes on it."

Several haggard eyes were lifted at this. "Do silver grow there like the sage?"

"I spoke metaphorical," exclaimed Brother Jarrum. "Would I deceive you? No. It's the Great Salt Lake, shines out like burnished silver, and bursts on the sight of the new pilgrims when they arrive in bands at the holy city—the emigrants from this land."

"Some do arrive then, sir?" timidly questioned Dinah Roy.

"Some!" indignantly responded Brother Jarrum. "They are arriving continual. The very evening before I left, a numerous company arrived. It was just upon sunset. The clouds was all of rose color, tipped with purple and gold, and there lay the holy city at their feet in the lovely valley I told you of last night, with the lake of glittering silver in the distance. It is a sight for 'em, I can tell you. The regular-built houses, enclosed in their gardens and buildings, like farm homesteads, and the inhabitants turning out with fiddles, to meet and sing, and drink, and coffee and tea, and cake, and drinks, and so many more things that you'd be tired of hearing me say the names. There's abundance for all."

Some commotion amid Brother Jarrum's hearers, and a sound as of licking of lips. That supper account was a great temptation. Had Brother Jarrum started them straight off for the Salt Lake, the probability is that three parts of the room would have formed a tail after him.

"What's the drinks?" inquired Jim Clark, the supper items imparting to his inside a curious feeling of emptiness.

"New Jerusalem," replied Brother Jarrum. "Whiskey's plentiful. Have you heard of mint juice? That is delicious. Mint is one of the few productions not common out there, and we are learning to make the juice with sage instead. You should see the plains of sage! It grows wild."

"And the ducks, you say?" observed Susan Packbury. "It's convenient to have sage in plenty where there's ducks," added she to the assembly in general. "What a land that must be!"

"And you see this?" cried a man, Davies, in a somewhat doubtful tone.

"I see it with my two eyes," answered Brother Jarrum. "I often see it. We had had news in the city that a train of newcomers was approaching, mostly English, and we went out to meet 'em. Not one of us saints, hardly, but was expecting some friend by it: a sister, or a father, or a sweetheart, maybe; and away we hurried outside the city. Presently the train came in sight."

"They have railroads there, then?" spoke a man, who was listening with eager interest. It was decent, civil, Grind.

"Not yet; we shall have 'em shortly," said Brother Jarrum. "The train consisted of carts, carriages, vehicles of all sorts, and some mule teams, and some were walking on their legs. They were all habited nicely, and singing hymns. A short way off the holy city, it's the custom for the emigrants to make a

halt, and wash and dress themselves, so as to enter proper. Such a meeting! the hissing and the greeting drowning the noise of the music, and the old men and the little children dancing. The prophet himself came out, and shook hands with 'em all, a brass band blowing in front of him, and he standing up in his carriage. Where else would you travel to, I'd like to know, and find such a welcome at the end of your journey? Houses, and friends, and plenty, all got ready ashore; and gentlemen waiting to marry the ladies that may wish to enter the holy state!"

"There is a plenty!" questioned again that unwilling man, Davies.

"There's such a plenty that the new arrivals are advised to eat, for a week or two, only half their fill," returned Brother Jarrum. "Of fruits in particular. Some, that have gone right in at the good things without mercy, have been laid up through it, and had to fine themselves down upon physic for a week after. No; it's best to be a little sparing at the beginning."

"What did he say just now about all the Mormons being beautiful?" questioned a pretty looking girl, of her neighbors. And Brother Jarrum caught the words, although they were spoken in an undertone.

"And so they are," said he. "The climate's of a nature that softens the face, keeps folks in health, and stops 'em from growing old. If you see two females in the street, one a saint's wife, the other a new arrival, you can always tell which is which. The wife's got a slender waist, like a lady, with a delicate color in her face, and silky hair; the new comer's tanned, and fat, and freckled, and clumsy. If you don't believe me, you can ask them as have been there. There's something in the dress they wear, too, that sets 'em off. No female goes out without a veil, which hangs down behind. They don't want to hide their pretty faces, not they."

Mary Green, a damsel of twenty, she who had previously spoken, really did possess a pretty face; and a rapturous vision came over her at this juncture, of beholding it shaded and set off by a white lace veil, as she had often seen Miss Decima Verner's.

"Now, I can't explain to you why it is that the women in the city should be fair to the eye, or why the men don't seem to grow old," resumed Brother Jarrum. "It is so, and that's enough. People learned in such things might tell the cause; but I'm not learned in 'em. Some says it's the effect of the New Jerusalem climate; some thinks it's the fruits of the happy and plentiful life we lead; my opinion is, it's a mixture of both. A man of sixty hardly looks forty, out there. It's a great favor!"

One of the ill-doing Dawsoms, who had pushed his way in at the shop-door in time to hear part of the lavished praise on New Jerusalem, interrupted at this juncture.

"I say, master, if this is as you're a-telling us, how is it that folks talk so agin' the Mormons? I met a man in Heartburg once, who had been out there, and he couldn't say bad enough of 'em."

"Snakes! but that's a natural question of yous, and I'm glad to answer it," replied Brother Jarrum, with a taking air of candor.

"Those evil reports come from our enemies. There's another tribe living in the Great Salt Lake city besides ours, and that's the Gentiles. Gentiles is our name for 'em. It's this set that spreads about uncredible reports, and we'd like to sow their mouths up."

Brother Jarrum probably intended to say unmercifully. He continued, somewhat vehemently.

"To sow their mouths up with a needle and thread, and let 'em stopped sowed forever. They are jealous of us; that's what it is. Some of their wives, too, have left 'em to espouse our saints, at which they nagger greatly. The outrageous things that enemies' tongues can be laid to, they say. Don't you ever believe 'em; it flounders me to think as anybody can. Whoever wants to see my credentials, they are at their back and call, 'Call to-morrow morning—in my room up stairs—call any other morning, and my certificates is open to be looked at, with spectacles or without 'em, signed in full, at the Great Salt Lake city, territory of Utah, by our prophet, Mr. Brigham Young, and two of his counsellors, testifying that I am Elder Silas Jarrum, and that my mission over here is to preach the light to them as are at present asleep in darkness, and bring 'em to the community of the Latter Day Saints. I'm no impostor, I'm not; and I tell you that the false reports come from them unbelieving Gentiles."

"They have railroads there, then?" spoke a man, who was listening with eager interest. It was decent, civil, Grind.

"Why don't they turn saints themselves?" cried a voice, sensibly.

"Because Satan stops 'em. You have heard of him, you know. He's busy everywhere, as you've been taught by your parents. I put my head inside of your chimney, last Sunday night, while the sermon was going on, and I heard your parson tell

THE BIG SPRING AT TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST, from the N. Y. Illustrated News, gives a view of a large and famous spring at Tuscaloosa, Ala., which place was recently

you as Satan was the foundation of all the ill that was in you. He was right there; though I'm no friend to passers in general. Satan is the head and tail of bad things, and he fills up the Gentiles with proud notions, and blinds their eyes against us. No wonder! If every soul in the world turned Latter Day Saint, and came over to us at New Jerusalem, where's 'ud Satan's work be? We are striving to get you out of the clutches of Satan, my friends, and you must strive for yourselves also. Where's the use of us elders coming among you to preach and convert, unless you meet us half-way? Where's the good of keeping up that 'Perpetual Emigration Fund Company,' if you don't reap its benefit and make a start to emigrate? These things is being done for you, not for us. The Latter Day Saints have got nothing mean nor selfish about 'em; they are the richest people in the world—in generosity and good works."

"Is servants allowed to dress in veils, out there?" demanded Mary Green, during a pause of Brother Jarrum's, afforded to the audience that they might sufficiently revolve the disinterested generosity of the Latter Day Saint community.

"Veils! Veils, and feathers, too, if they are so minded," was Brother Jarrum's answer; and it fell like a soothing sound on Mary Green's vain ear. "It's not many servants, though, that you'd find in New Jerusalem."

"All servants let go out to New Jerusalem?" quickly returned Mary Green. She was a servant herself, just now out of place, given to spend all her wages upon finery, and coming to grief perpetually with her miseries upon the score.

"Many of 'em goes out," was the satisfactory reply of Brother Jarrum. "But servants here are not servants there. Who'd be a servant if she could be a missis? Wouldn't a handsome young female prefer to be her master's wife than to be his servant?"

Mary Green giggled; the question had been pointedly put to her.

"If a female servant chooses to remain a servant, in course she can," Brother Jarrum resumed. "And precious long wages she'd get; eighty pound a year—good."

A movement of surprise amid the audience. Brother Jarrum went on:

"I can't say I have known many as have stopped servants even at that high rate of pay. My memory won't charge me with one. They have married and settled, and so have secured for themselves paradise."

This might be taken as a delicate hint that the married state, generally, deserved that happy title. Some of the experiences of those present, however, rather tended to accord it a less satisfactory one, and there arose some murmuring. Brother Jarrum explained:

"Women is not married with us for time, but for eternity—as I tried to beat into you last night. Once the wife of a saint, their entrance into paradise is safe and certain. We have not got a old maid among us—not a single old maid."

The sensation that this information caused, I'll leave you to judge; considering that Deerham was famous for old maids, and that several were present.

"No old maids and no widders," continued Brother Jarrum, wiping his forehead, which was becoming moist with the heat of argument. "We have respect to our women, we have, and like to make 'em comfortable."

"But if their husbands die off?" suggested a puzzled listener.

"The husband's successor marries his widers," explained Brother Jarrum. "Look at our late head and prophet, Mr. Joe Smith—him that appeared in a vision to our present prophet, and pointed out the spot for the new temple. He died a martyr, Mr. Joe Smith did—a prey to wicked murderers. Were his widers left to grieve and die out after him? No. Mr. Brigham Young, he succeeded to his honors, and he married the widders."

This was received somewhat dubiously at the assemblage not clear whether to approve it or to cavil at it.

"Not so much to be his wives, you know, as to be a kind of ruling matrons in his house hold," went on Brother Jarrum. "To have their own places apart, their own rooms in the house, and to be as happy as the day's long. They don't."

"How they must quarrel, a lot of wives together!" interrupted a discontented voice.

Brother Jarrum set himself energetically to dispel this supposition. He succeeded. His belief is easy to willing minds.

"Which is best?" asked he. "To be one of the wives of a rich saint, where all the wives is happy an' honored, and well dressed; or to toil and starve, and go next door to naked, as a poor man's solitary wife does here? I know which I should choose if the two chances was offered me. A woman can't put her foot inside the heavenly kingdom. I tell you, unless she has got a husband to lay hold of her hand and draw her in. The wives of a saint are safe; paradise is in store for 'em; and that's why the Gentiles' wives—them folks that's for ever riling at us—have their husbands and a saint."

"Does the saints' wives ever leave 'em to marry them others—the Gentiles?" asked that troublesome Davies.

"Such cases have been hoared of," responded Brother Jarrum, shaking his head with a grave solemnity of manner. "They have bravado the punishment, and done it. But the act has been rare."

"What's the punishment?" inquired some body's wife.

"When a female belonging to the Latter Day Saints—whether she's married or single—falls off from grace and goes over to the Gentiles, and marries one of 'em; she's condemned to be buffeted by Satan for a thousand years."

A pause of consternation.

"Who condemns her?" a voice, more venomous than the rest, was heard to ask.

"There's mystery in our faith which can't be disclosed even to you," was the reply of Brother Jarrum. "Them apostate women

are condemned to it; and that's enough. Land's sake! It's not everybody as can see the truth. Ninety-nine may see it, and the hundredth mayn't."

"Very true, very true," was murmured around.

"I think I see the wagons and the other vehicles arriving now!" rapturously exclaimed Brother Jarrum, turning his eyes right up into his head, the better to take in the mental vision. "The travellers, tired with their journey, washed and shaved, and dressed, and the women's hair anointed, all fragrant with oil and frantic with joy—shouting, singing and dancing to the tune of the advancing soldiers! I think I see the great prophet himself, with his brass-hand in front and his body-guard around him—sometimes he goes out with his body-guard—meeting the travellers and shaking their hands individually! I think I see the joy of the women, and the nice young girls, when they are led to the hymn-singing in our temple by the saints that have chosen them, to be inducted into the safety of paradise! Happy those that the prophet chooses for himself! While these other poor forsaken backsliders shall be undergoing their thousand years of buffeting, they'll reign triumphant, the saved saints of the Mill—"

How long Brother Jarrum's harangue might have rung on the wide ears of his delighted listeners, it is not easy to say. But an interruption occurred to the proceedings. It was caused by the entrance of Peckaby; and the meeting was terminated somewhat abruptly. While Susan Peckaby sat at the feet of the saint, a willing disciple of his doctrine, her lord and master, however disheartening it may be to record it, could not, by any means, be induced to open his heart and receive the grace. He remained obtuse—passively obtuse during the day; but rather demonstratively obtuse towards night—Peckaby a quiet, civil man enough when sober, was just the contrary when *sober*; and since he had joined the blacksmith's shop, his evening visits to a noted public-house—the Plough and Harrow—had become frequent. On his return home from these visits, his mind had once or twice been spoken out pretty freely as to the Latter Day Saint doctrine; once he had gone the length of clearing the shop of guests and marshalling the saint himself to the retirement of his own apartment. However contrite he may have shown himself for this the next morning, nobody desired to have the same repeated. Consequently, when Peckaby now entered, defiance in his face and unsteadiness in his legs, the guests fled out of their own accord; and Brother Jarrum, taking the flaring candle from the shelf, disappeared with it up the stairs.

This has been a very fair specimen of Brother Jarrum's representations and eloquence. It was only one meeting out of a great many. As I said before, the precise tenets of his religion need not be enlarged upon: it is enough to say that they were quite equal to his temporal promises. You will therefore scarcely wonder that he made disciples. But the mischief, as yet, had only begun to brew.

Upon this point, at any rate, there need be no misunderstanding," returned Lionel. "Believe me once for all, mother; I should never have married Mary Elmsley. Had I and Sibylla remained apart for life, separated as wide as the two poles, it is not Mary Elmsley that I should have made my wife. It is more than probable that my choice would have pleased you only in a degree more than it does now."

The jealous ears of Lady Verner detected an under-current of meaning in the words.

"You speak just as though you had some one in particular in your thoughts!" she uttered.

It recalled Lucy, it recalled the past connected with her, all too painfully to his mind; and he returned an evasive answer. He never willingly recalled her, or it; if they obstructed themselves on his memory—as he very often did—he drove them away, as he was driving them now.

He quitted the house, and Lady Verner proceeded up stairs to Decima's room. That pretty room, with its blue panels and hanging, where Lionel used to be when he was growing convalescent. Decima and Lucy were in it now.

"I wish you to go out with me to make a call," she said to them.

"Both of us, mamma?" inquired Decima. "Both," repeated Lady Verner. "It is a call of etiquette," she added, a sound of irony, mixing in the tone, "and therefore you must both make it. It is to Lionel's chosen wife."

A hot flush passed into the face of Lucy Tempest; hot words rose to her lips. Hasty, thoughtless, impulsive words, to the effect that she could not pay a visit to the chosen wife of Lionel Verner.

But she checked them ere they were spoken. She turned to the window, which had been opened to the early spring day, and suffered the cool air to blow on her flushed face, and calmed down her impetuous thoughts. Was this the course of conduct that she had marked out for herself? She looked round at Lady Verner and said, in a gentle tone, that she would be ready at any hour named.

"We will go at once," replied Lady Verner. "I have ordered the carriage. The sooner we make it—as we have to make it—the better."

There was no mistake about it. Lucy had grown to love Lionel Verner. How she loved him, esteemed him, venerated him; none, save her own heart could tell. Her days had been as one long dream of Elysium. The very aspect of the world had changed; the blue sky, the soft breathing wind, the scent of the budding flowers, had spoken a language to her, never before learned: "Rejoice in us, for we are lovely!" It was the sweet, mysterious rapture arising from love's first dream: which can never be described by mortal pen; and never, while it lasts, can be spoken of by living tongue, *while it lasts*. It never does last. It is the one sole ecstatic phase of life, the solitary romance stealing in once, and but once, amidst the world's hard realities; the "fire-flech'd us from us heaven." Has it to arise yet for you—you, who read this? Do not trust it when it comes, for it will be fleeting as a summer cloud. Enjoy it, revel in it while you hold it; it will fit you out of the earth's clay and earth's evil, with its angel wings; but trust not to its remaining; even while you are saying, "I will make it mine for ever," it is gone. It had gone for Lucy Tempest. And, oh! better for her, perhaps, that it should go; better, perhaps, for all; for if that sweet glimpse of paradise could take up its abode permanently in the heart, we should never look, or wish, or pray for that better Paradise which has to come hereafter.

But who can see this in the sharp flood tide of despair? Not Lucy. In losing Lionel she had lost all; and nothing remained for her but to battle with her trouble alone. Passionately and truly as Lionel had loved Sibylla; so, in her turn, did Lucy love him.

I should do so," she replied, strangely calm. "How I dislike this artificial state of things! Where the customs of society must be observed by those who live in it; their actions, good or bad, commented upon and judged! You have been expecting that I should call before this, I suppose, Lionel?"

"I have been hoping, from day to day, that you will call."

"I will call—for your sake. Lionel," she passionately added, turning to him, and seizing his hands between her, "what do I now, I do for your sake. It has been a cruel blow to me; but I will try to make the best of it, for you my best-loved son."

He bent down to his mother, and kissed her tenderly. It was his mode of showing her his thanks.

"Do not mistake me, Lionel. I will go just so far in this matter as may be necessary to avoid open disapproval. If I appear to approve it, that the world may not cavil and you complain, it will be little more than an appearance. I will call upon your intended wife, but the call will be one of etiquette, of formal ceremony; you must not expect me to get into the habit of repeating it. I shall never become intimate with her."

"You do not know what the future may bring forth," returned Lionel, looking at his mother with a smile. "I trust the time will come when you shall have learnt to love Sibylla."

"I do not think that time will ever arrive," was the frigid reply of Lady Verner. "Oh, Lionel!" she added, in an impulse of sorrow, "what a barrier this has raised between us—a severing for the future!"

"The barrier exists in your own mind only, mother," was his answer, spoken sadly. "Sibylla would be a loving daughter to you, if you would allow her so to be."

A slight, haughty shake of the head, suppressed of once, was the reply of Lady Verner.

"I had looked for a different daughter," she continued. "I had hoped for Mary Elmsley."

Upon this point, at any rate, there need be no misunderstanding," returned Lionel.

"Believe me once for all, mother; I should never have married Mary Elmsley. Had I and Sibylla remained apart for life, separated as wide as the two poles, it is not Mary Elmsley that I should have made my wife. It is more than probable that my choice would have pleased you only in a degree more than it does now."

The jealous ears of Lady Verner detected an under-current of meaning in the words.

"You speak just as though you had some one in particular in your thoughts!" she uttered.

It recalled Lucy, it recalled the past connected with her, all too painfully to his mind; and he returned an evasive answer. He never willingly recalled her, or it; if they obstructed themselves on his memory—as he very often did—he drove them away, as he was driving them now.

This has been a very fair specimen of Brother Jarrum's representations and eloquence.

It was only one meeting out of a great many. As I said before, the precise tenets of his religion need not be enlarged upon: it is enough to say that they were quite equal to his temporal promises. You will therefore scarcely wonder that he made disciples. But the mischief, as yet, had only begun to brew.

He quitted the house, and Lady Verner proceeded up stairs to Decima's room. That pretty room, with its blue panels and hanging, where Lionel used to be when he was growing convalescent. Decima and Lucy were in it now.

"I wish you to go out with me to make a call," she said to them.

"Both of us, mamma?" inquired Decima. "Both," repeated Lady Verner. "It is a call of etiquette," she added, a sound of irony, mixing in the tone, "and therefore you must both make it. It is to Lionel's chosen wife."

A hot flush passed into the face of Lucy Tempest; hot words rose to her lips. Hasty, thoughtless, impulsive words, to the effect that she could not pay a visit to the chosen wife of Lionel Verner.

But she checked them ere they were spoken. She turned to the window, which had been opened to the early spring day, and suffered the cool air to blow on her flushed face, and calmed down her impetuous thoughts. Was this the course of conduct that she had marked out for herself? She looked round at Lady Verner and said, in a gentle tone, that she would be ready at any hour named.

"We will go at once," replied Lady Verner. "I have ordered the carriage. The sooner we make it—as we have to make it—the better."

There was no mistake about it. Lucy had grown to love Lionel Verner. How she loved him, esteemed him, venerated him; none, save her own heart could tell. Her days had been as one long dream of Elysium. The very aspect of the world had changed; the blue sky, the soft breathing wind, the scent of the budding flowers, had spoken a language to her, never before learned: "Rejoice in us, for we are lovely!" It was the sweet, mysterious rapture arising from love's first dream: which can never be described by mortal pen; and never, while it lasts, can be spoken of by living tongue, *while it lasts*. It never does last. It is the one sole ecstatic phase of life, the solitary romance stealing in once, and but once, amidst the world's hard realities; the "fire-flech'd us from us heaven."

Has it to arise yet for you—you, who read this? Do not trust it when it comes, for it will be fleeting as a summer cloud. Enjoy it, revel in it while you hold it; it will fit you out of the earth's clay and earth's evil, with its angel wings; but trust not to its remaining; even while you are saying, "I will make it mine for ever," it is gone. It had gone for Lucy Tempest. And, oh! better for her, perhaps, that it should go; better, perhaps, for all; for if that sweet glimpse of paradise could take up its abode permanently in the heart, we should never look, or wish, or pray for that better Paradise which has to come hereafter.

But who can see this in the sharp flood tide of despair? Not Lucy. In losing Lionel she had lost all; and nothing remained for her but to battle with her trouble alone. Passionately and truly as Lionel had loved Sibylla; so, in her turn, did Lucy love him.

"I believe not," replied Lionel.

He could not say to Sibylla, "My mother would tolerate no conversation on any topic connected with you."

Another flagging pause.

Lionel, to create a diversion, raised a

It is not the fashion now for young ladies to die of broken hearts—as it was in the old days. A little while given to the grief that kills," and then Lucy strove to arose herself to better things. She would go upon her way, burying all feelings within her; she would meet him and others with a calm exterior and placid smile; none should see that she suffered no, though her heart were breaking.

"I will forget him," she murmured to herself ten times in the day. "What a mercy that I did not let him see I loved him! I never should have loved him, but that I thought he—Paha; why do I recall it? I was mistaken; I was stupid—and all that's left to me is to make the best of it."

So she drove her thoughts away, as Lionel did. She set out on her course bravely, with the determination to forget him. She schooled her heart, and schooled her face, and believed she was doing great things. To Lionel she cast no blame—and that was unfortunate for the forgetting scheme. She blamed herself; not Lionel. Remarkably simple and humble minded, Lucy Tempest was accustomed to think that Lionel's face had turned a deep scarlet. Jealous of her! She continued to admire the coral some little time longer, and then resigned it to him with a smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Verner. I am fond of these marine curiosities. We had a good many of them at the Rectory. Mr. Cust's brother was a sailor."

Lionel could not remember the time when she had called him "Mr. Verner." It was wrong, however, that she should do so; but in his heart he felt thankful for that sweet smile. It seemed to tell him that she, at any rate, was heart whole, that she certainly bore him no resentment. He spoke, himself, freely now.

"You are not looking well, Lucy—as we have been upon the subject of looks."

"I? Oh, I have had another cold since the time Jan cured. I did not try his remedies in time, and it fastened upon me. I don't know which barked the most—I, or Growler."

"Jan says he shall have Growler here," remarked Lionel.

"No, Sibylla," interposed Lionel; "Jan said he should like to have Growler here if it were convenient to do so, and my mother would spare him. A medical man's not the place for a barking dog: he might attack the night applicants."

"Is it Jan's dog?" inquired Lucy.

"Yes," said Lionel. "I thought you knew it. Why, don't you remember, Lucy, the day I—"

Whatever reminiscence Lionel may have been about to recall, he cut it short midway, and subsided into silence. What was his motive? Did Lucy know? She did not ask for the ending, and the rest were then occupied, and had not heard.

OUR PAROLED TROOPS.

From a friend who recently visited a son in Camp Parole, at Annapolis, we know the following account is, or was then, not far from the truth. It is shameful that it should be so:

A correspondent of the Boston Journal says there are at present about 10,000 paroled prisoners at Annapolis, with additional new arrivals of from 50 to 1,000 per day; half of the men are actually without tents, and sleep either on the ground or beneath horse and mule sheds. They have not the means to keep clean, because there is no clothing to give them. Some of them have worn their white army shirts for six weeks, and if you did not know what color they were you would call them black. They have no shoes or stockings—in fact, no clothing at all. Blankets they have not, and they sleep almost frozen. Sickness is quite prevalent, and the hospital is full. Such is the condition, Mr. Editor, of Camp Parole, Annapolis. The men have not the means to write home to their friends to tell them of the wrongs they are receiving from the hands of the Government.

THE REBELS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.—The Richmond Dispatch of the 24th, says:

As we Expected.—The Yankees are about to send their army captured at Harper's Ferry against the Indians. Has the Government no means of retaliating for such a breach of faith?

It is no "breach of faith" unless the Sioux of Minnesota are allies of the rebels. Are they? Are the recent bloody massacres in Minnesota to be laid at the doors of the rebels. It is believed to be so by many of the western people; but we should like to know for a certainty.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW GYMNASTICS, FOR MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN. With a translation of Professor Klom's Dumb-Bell Instructor, and Professor Schreber's Pangymnastik. By DIO LEWIS, M. D., Proprietor of the Essex St. Gymnasium, Boston. With three hundred illustrations.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

We welcome this book with peculiar warmth as initiating a system of physical culture differing from that generally taught in our gymnasiums. In these institutions wonderful acrobatic feats are frequently performed, and certain muscles are cultivated to an abnormal degree of strength, but the gymnasts do not always display a corresponding improvement in health and in universal muscular development. Ambition and rivalry, too, it is to be feared, too often carry the pupils beyond the point of safe and healthy exercise.

The system of Dr. Lewis appears to be free from all the objections alleged against former ones. The exercises are by no means so violent as the most of those to which we are accustomed in ordinary gymnasiums, while they can be so varied as to bring all the muscles successively into play, or concentrated upon those which require especial development. The recommendation that male and female classes should practice together, the arrangement of the exercises into attractive games, and the introduction of music as an accompaniment, are points in this system which we think peculiarly valuable. That gymnastics should be delightful as well as healthful, is absolutely necessary to tempt those to their continuance who have outgrown the age when mere exercise is pleasant irrespective of its end and aim. And how soon we do outgrow that period!

We used to watch with amused interest, a young relative who passed a summer under our roof a few years ago. He was a law student at the time, and would hang for hours over his musty legal tomes, absorbed in them with entire devotion; then suddenly, without warning, as if the tide of his animal spirits had floated him from his moorings, he would spring from his chair, clear the railings of the veranda with one bound, stand on his head in the centre of the lawn like some grotesque image, and the next minute be seen "swarming" up the great sycamores to its very top. We thought those ebullitions of "the sheer delight of living" very delightful, boy-like as they were, and when now, six years after that time, we meet the young lawyer, thoughtful, staid, with stooping shoulders and brows knit across his eyes, we regret the youth that was so short, the boyish spirits that so soon passed away.

We, the American people, certainly need more body-culture than we have hitherto allowed ourselves, and any movement in this direction is a gladdening one. We hope to see these gymnastic exercises adopted in our schools as a regular branch of studies, enforced upon all. Many of the games could be played by the children of a family, and the apparatus of rings and stirrups to which Professor Schreber has given the high-sounding name of the "Pangymnasticum," could be cheaply and easily arranged for home use; but the pleasantest and most useful prosecution of the various exercises will be at the regular Gymnasiums, and then it may be made fascinating enough to supersede dancing or other ordinary modes of diversion.

LIKE AND UNLIKE.—A novel. By A. S. Roe, author of "A Long Look Ahead," "True to the Last," &c., &c. Carlton, publisher, 419 Broadway, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE Landseer, the great "canine artist," requested the distinguished Sydney Smith to sit him for a portrait. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" asked the cynical painter.

THE How near skin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

GERMAN VALOR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

I.
Come over, ye sturdy Germans; There was never yet a place But where in the fight for Liberty Ye have shown a dauntless face; With your grim Teutonic moustache, And your eye of Freedom's blue, Ye are a match for the desots old, And the rebels' braggart crew.

II.
We are glad to see your legions Tramping our streets down; Some from the fields of the harvester, Some from a foreign crown; With a front as stern as manhood, Of the noble martyr stock, That has stood in bloodiest of bloodiest dye, 'Gainst many a mortal shock.

III.
Come with your dauntless Sigel, And by the memory Of brave Böhmen, and glorious Maßl, Strike home for Liberty; Yes, bear our sacred banner, Ye sons of other lands; We trust it sooner with ye than In Northern Traitor hands.

IV.
And when in dust and ashes The recreant South repents, And peace is writ in golden words On all our battlements, When from the sacred ruins Of trampled fane see A glorious temple heavenward rise For God and Liberty—

V.
Upon its inner altar, Beneath the flag ye bore, Blue with the smoke of battle fields, Red with a nation's gore— Yet white, with peace—oh! Germans! Your names shall be engraven, As patriots who write in blood, "Freedom for all mankind."

SCRAPS FROM VANITY FAIR.

A RAPPAHANNOCK CO.—Why is General Sigel like the awning over a larger beer garden? Because he covers a retreat efficiently.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.—Does not the dark, mystical gloom in which once lovely district of our country is now wrapped, remind one of the sad, sad story of Pall and Virgilia?

TO BRIGADIERS!—Go in, old boys! go in, and lose your legs! Think of the facilities this will afford you when the war is over, for stamping your respective states!

THE HARDEST THING YET SAID OF YANKEE.—That George N. Saunders was taken for him at Niagara.

A RATHER CHECKERED GAME.—Drafts.

EXERCISING READING.—The Tax-Payers' Manual has just been published, and, in brevity, it beats the Military Manual all hollow. It has but three principal orders, which are as follows:—1. Draw wallet! 2. Fork over! 3. Retire!

THE NEW "SOCIAL EVIL."—SMALL SWELL.—"Dreadful bow, this dwarf. Dwags a fellah swom the boozum of his club!"

CERTAINLY NOT!—The Adjutant-General has decided that students are not exempt from a draft. We never thought they were. Look at the beer they drink! Look at their draft upon the Governors' pockets. Exempt? We should not think so!

TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE.—PERPLEXED MAN.—"If I keep on dying 'em, they'll draft me for under forty-five; and if I leave off dying 'em, Polly won't have me. Anyhow, I must stand the hazard of the die!"

WHAT BOOTS IT!—Several correspondents would like to know whether the government "stamps" are likely to do anything toward "crushing" the rebellion.

THE OPERA.—Lizzy. "Good gracious, Selina, look there! There's that ridiculous little man again. Did you ever see anything so absurd?"

Bushy. "Ah! There she is, bless her! and looking this way too. Oh! it's as clear as possible she has taken a fancy to me!"

A new variety of the flying fish was recently caught about 120 miles from Melbourne, in Australia. It was seventeen inches long, the back had a beautiful rose color. The flappers or wings were disproportionately large, and variegated with irregular spots.

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.—Little Hairsdresser (mildly).—"Yer' air's very thin on the top, sir."

Gentleman (of ungovernable temper).—"My hair thin on the top, sir? and what if it is! Confound you, you puppy, do you think I came here to be insulted and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!"

A letter was dropped into the post-office in Greenfield, Mass., last week, directed to "Eggbarcocy Nu cheray." After some study it was sent to Egg Harbor City, N. J.

The Bishop of Oxford (England) has recommended prayers to be read in all the churches of his diocese, for the restoration of peace in America. So far the venerable prelate is right, but we should be even more gratified to know that he had added to the prayer one for the enlightenment of the minds of the benighted people of Europe, as to the real significance of the struggle here, and what "peace" would be obtained through any other channel than success on the part of the government in putting down the rebellion.

It is said that singing mice invariably have a little parasite in the substance of the liver. This disease, keeps the mouse in a state of irritation, and he can't help letting us know, in his own pretty way, that he is in pain and distress.

IMPORTANT PROCLAMATIONS.

THE SLAVES IN ALL THE REBEL STATES TO BE FREE ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY—THE ACTS OF CONGRESS PUT IN FORCE—THE HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED IN THE LOYAL STATES.

By the President of the United States of America,

A PROCLAMATION.

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States and each of the states, and the people thereof, in which states that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed.

That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave states so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which states may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolition of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent with their consent upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free, and the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons; and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

Second, That the writ of habeas corpus is suspended in respect to all persons arrested or who are now or may hereafter, during the rebellion, be imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison or other place of confinement by any military authority, or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission.

Third, That the writ of habeas corpus is suspended in respect to all persons arrested or who are now or may hereafter, during the rebellion, be imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison or other place of confinement by any military authority, or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

Fourth, That the writ of habeas corpus is suspended in respect to all persons arrested or who are now or may hereafter, during the rebellion, be imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison or other place of confinement by any military authority, or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[I. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the

JESSIE'S HAIR.

I was looking through a drawer
Filled with letters old and old,
Some brimmed o'er with love and kindness,
Others very calm and cold.

They who wrote them far are scattered—
Some beyond the routine seas—
Some are on the western prairie,
One beneath the ocean-free.

There were letters warm and loving,
But on years away have flown,
Those same hearts forgot to love me—
Lips and letters changed their tone.

When from out a folded paper
Dropped a tree of glossy hair;
Twined about by faded ribbon
Was this lock, so soft and fair.

Ah! it stirred my heart's deep fountains,
And the tears brimmed up space,
For it brought so plain before me
Jessie's loving, earnest face.

Years gone by she sent this token
From her home beside the sea,
Folded up as I had found it,
With the words, "Remember me."

Now she sleeps without awaking,
Underneath the violet's sod;
Our poor Jessie's earth-tired spirit
Rests for ever with her God.

But of all old friend's mementoes,
Kind or loving, rich or rare,
None have so much power to move me
As this lock of Jessie's hair.

For it seems as though I held here
Of her very self a part—
Better far than book or letter,
Though the words came from the heart.

Olden memories throng about me,
From my lips escapes a prayer,
As I sit in dusky twilight,
With dead Jessie's golden hair.

JENNY LEITCH.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN I LOVED,
AND THE WOMAN THAT LOVED ME."

CHAPTER IV.

"I will tell you my history," she began,
"and you shall judge me. You will find
that—

Toute ma philosophie
N'est qu'un désespoir accepté.

"Till the age of sixteen I was as happy as a human being could be. I was an only daughter, and from some delicacy of constitution which required constant care, I was not sent, as usual, to a convent, but received a kind of rambling, desultory education at home. My father taught me to read, my mother to embroider, my brother to sing. I was much loved, and the indulgence I met with may perhaps have fostered my natural self-will; and yet, in the expansion which is so easy to a nature developed under genial circumstances, there is an advantage which outweighs all evils.

"I was sheltered, fostered, cherished, and I grew up to love, to confide, and to trust. I was proud, passionate, and impudent; but I was affectionate, truthful, and generous. I loved all around with the fervor of a warm heart and innocent nature.

"When I was sixteen there occurred a great misfortune in our happy home. My brother is ten years older than I am, and a circumstance I was then ignorant of caused a change in his fate. He met with a love disappointment. A beautiful girl whom he passionately loved married another man. That woman has been, directly or indirectly, the bane of my life. I never saw her, and it is strange to think of the evil I owe to her. She married a Sicilian named Serrano, and went with him to Vienna. This grief entirely changed my brother's nature. He became stern, morose, severe, even to me. A total disbelief in the goodness and in the principles of women took the place of his former indulgence and kindness. He took orders as a priest, and in a few months his great talents, his fiery enthusiasm, and indomitable will made him recognized as one of the most promising young ecclesiastics of the Court of Rome. He became absorbed in politics. One of his favorite dreams was, to make use of the influence of Austria to deepen and extend the Papal power. He became personally ambitious; he seemed pleased at the promise of my beauty, and would talk a good deal of the necessity of a Colonna making a great alliance. It was about this time that his intercourse with political characters introduced him to the Austrian minister at Rome, the Count Rabenfeld. He brought him to our house. Count Rabenfeld was struck with my appearance, and, though thirty years my senior, did not hesitate to make proposals for me to my parents. My father and mother were pleased with my brilliant prospects. However unworthy for themselves, parents are often worldly for their children; but they left the decision to me. To me it seemed impossible, for the simple reason that to make any change in the life I had led hitherto, appeared out of the question. No other objection entered my head.

"I was free and light-hearted as a child. The manners, the appearance, the conversation of Count Rabenfeld were all in his favor. He was so much in love that he entirely waived the question of dowry. He was so enormously rich that the few thousand scudi of a Roman girl's portion was immaterial to him. I do not know how far these advantages would have influenced my father alone, but, when backed by my brother they became irresistible. His strong and pertinacious support of the alliance imposed it on my parents as a duty. He assured them that I myself would be grateful for having it enforced upon me. He said that my ignorance and inexperience were the only motives of

my opposition. He talked to me, and as after all, my objections were to the marriage and not to the bridegroom, it was not difficult to overrule them. I consented with some girlish reluctance and some girlish pleasure in the very natural gratification of giving pleasure to others. All were delighted; and I received as my reward the most submissive and flattering homage from the stately and dignified man, who was certainly the most powerful personage at Rome. All my young friends envied me, and vied with each other in assuring me I was the happiest girl in the world. I was bewildered by the rapidity of the preparations for my marriage, and kept in a constant state of excitement. My brother never left me; he was kinder to me than ever. There was but one dissenting voice—that of an aunt—a sister of my father's, the abbess of the Convent of 'Le Vie Be-polite' in Rome.

"I was taken to receive her blessing, as was usual once a year, but the time was anticipated for this purpose on account of my marriage. She saw me alone. For some time she was silent. She looked at me fixedly.

"What capacities for enjoyment," she said, "are here! and also what capacities for suffering! Child! is it too late to retract?"

"I am to be married the day after tomorrow, dear aunt," I replied; "but why retract? Everyone is pleased, and I am happy."

"Are you happy only because they are pleased?"

"Yes."

"Then you marry a man you do not love—poor, poor Santa!"

"I do not know what there was in her voice and in her look, but I felt the blood rise slowly to my forehead, and a suffocating sensation swelled at my heart. In that oratory, vowed to penance, mortification, and prayer, and by that austere woman, emaciated and worn down by fasts and vigils, the first veil was lifted which, till then, had concealed the mystery of my being. The great seeds of my nature rose apparent. I was psychologised as it were. I saw unutterable things—I heard unspeakable words; dimly the beatitude of love was made manifest. It was but for a moment. I was still kneeling on the cushion at my aunt's feet. She leaned forward in her high carved oak chair, holding my hands and looking into my face. Deep under her brows gleamed hot dark eyes, piercing yet sad. The story of a repressed life could be read there. A restless eagerness lay coiled in their depths; but round the pale, discolored lips there was a great sweet-some and repose, and the forehead, though very wan, was majestic in its calm. There might still be struggle and regret, but she had overcome. I did not at once analyse all this, but the impression made on me I shall never forget. I afterwards learnt, by a bitter experience, to account for and understand, the fierce, unsatisfied longing which was the Promethean torture of this wasted life—that hunger and thirst for human love to which some are condemned.

"Poor child," she at last said, "what a fate!"

"But indeed I shall be happy," I replied; and I looked round the room as if I would have said, "You can scarcely judge here."

"She smiled mournfully.

"Santa! there are 'Vive Sepolte' in the world as well as in the cloister. My youth, womanhood, and age have been passed here. What I have suffered, God alone knows; and yet, at the very time when I suffered most, I knew there were griefs I should have found harder to bear. I have thought so much on this very subject—a woman's destiny. I have written many pages on it. When I am dead they shall be sent to you."

"But now, my dear child, I must give you my gift, too." She went to a small carved cabinet, and took out of it an old-fashioned cabinet. It was a cross, anchor, and heart; but instead of the hackneyed motto of Love, Faith, and Hope, inscribed on it in pearls, sapphires, and carbuncles, were the words—*Voles, Sapez, Avez*. To will, to know, to dare. She clasped it on my arm, and then kissed my forehead and lips. "I bless you, my child; remember my one counsel to you, is—*Be true*. All else is scarcely in our power—passions, temptations, circumstances, may overcome us; but there is one thing in the power of all—Truth." She again looked me steadfastly in the face, and murmured: "Both the shadow and the light—both the curse and the blessing are there. What a sensitive mouth, what a firm forehead! the eyes, too, are of that royal shape which contains so many tears." I never saw her again.

"I married. I had not been married three months, and was still surprised and confused by my new duties, when I lost my mother. She died happily, with her hand in mine, thinking she left me safely sheltered and protected. My father survived her but a week; they had been married thirty years. Her life was the mainspring of his; without her he machine stopped.

"I was deeply wounded. I felt the indifference such conduct showed.

"Two months passed. I led the same life as hitherto, I was not unhappy. I enjoyed the diversions usual to my age; but there were times when I asked myself, 'Will this go on for ever? Does life afford nothing higher, greater, more absorbing?'

"My success at Court increased daily. I was more and more drawn into its most intimate circle. My brother's sister accompanied me everywhere; but accidentally, or from design, I was always left alone, the centre of some charmed line of demarcation at all Court festivities, which set me apart from all but one. That one showed me a kindness which I had the folly to mistake for a real honest regard. My inexperience, however, delayed the catastrophe.

"I received a packet some years afterwards. I showed it to a celebrated French author, and it was published. It contains the most masterly and lucid exposition of woman's nature, position, and mission, considered physiologically, morally, and intellectually. There was too much boldness in it, in some respects,—too much hardness and severity in others. Still it was admirable; but written in too dry a style to become popular.—J. B.

—Chateaubriand.

to be used for public and political purposes only; state intrigues were the sin of existence—expediency its principle. A dreadful loneliness seemed to grow around me. I began to feel like the child whose fairy gifts all withered in her grasp. A husband, a brother, a gay and brilliant circle of which I was the centre,—and yet I was alone.

"We went to Vienna about eighteen months after my marriage. I was nearly nineteen and in the bloom of such beauty as I possessed. My Italian face pleased. My manners were more impulsive and animated than was the conventional mode at Court, and I became the fashion. My husband was enchanted at the admiration I received,childishly so, as it seemed to me. It mortified me that he should seem to value me more, because others appreciated his choice. How much I had to learn!

"I used to rise early, and till our late breakfast read with avidity all which fell into my way. Music I was a proficient in, but books were a new treasure. I rarely saw my husband alone. He was engaged with his letters and despatches, and our conversation was usually monosyllabic. There was something arid and monotonous in this way of life.

"I was taken to receive her blessing, as was usual once a year, but the time was anticipated for this purpose on account of my marriage. She saw me alone. For some time she was silent. She looked at me fixedly.

"What capacities for enjoyment," she said, "are here! and also what capacities for suffering! Child! is it too late to retract?"

"I am to be married the day after tomorrow, dear aunt," I replied; "but why retract? Everyone is pleased, and I am happy."

"Are you happy only because they are pleased?"

"Yes."

"Then you marry a man you do not love—poor, poor Santa!"

"I do not know what there was in her voice and in her look, but I felt the blood rise slowly to my forehead, and a suffocating sensation swelled at my heart. In that oratory, vowed to penance, mortification, and prayer, and by that austere woman, emaciated and worn down by fasts and vigils, the first veil was lifted which, till then, had concealed the mystery of my being. The great seeds of my nature rose apparent. I was psychologised as it were. I saw unutterable things—I heard unspeakable words; dimly the beatitude of love was made manifest. It was but for a moment. I was still kneeling on the cushion at my aunt's feet. She leaned forward in her high carved oak chair, holding my hands and looking into my face. Deep under her brows gleamed hot dark eyes, piercing yet sad. The story of a repressed life could be read there. A restless eagerness lay coiled in their depths; but round the pale, discolored lips there was a great sweet-some and repose, and the forehead, though very wan, was majestic in its calm. There might still be struggle and regret, but she had overcome. I did not at once analyse all this, but the impression made on me I shall never forget. I afterwards learnt, by a bitter experience, to account for and understand, the fierce, unsatisfied longing which was the Promethean torture of this wasted life—that hunger and thirst for human love to which some are condemned.

"Poor child," she at last said, "what a fate!"

"But indeed I shall be happy," I replied; and I looked round the room as if I would have said, "You can scarcely judge here."

"She smiled mournfully.

"Santa! there are 'Vive Sepolte' in the world as well as in the cloister. My youth, womanhood, and age have been passed here. What I have suffered, God alone knows; and yet, at the very time when I suffered most, I knew there were griefs I should have found harder to bear. I have thought so much on this very subject—a woman's destiny. I have written many pages on it. When I am dead they shall be sent to you."

"But now, my dear child, I must give you my gift, too." She went to a small carved cabinet, and took out of it an old-fashioned cabinet. It was a cross, anchor, and heart; but instead of the hackneyed motto of Love, Faith, and Hope, inscribed on it in pearls, sapphires, and carbuncles, were the words—*Voles, Sapez, Avez*. To will, to know, to dare. She clasped it on my arm, and then kissed my forehead and lips. "I bless you, my child; remember my one counsel to you, is—*Be true*. All else is scarcely in our power—passions, temptations, circumstances, may overcome us; but there is one thing in the power of all—Truth." She again looked me steadfastly in the face, and murmured: "Both the shadow and the light—both the curse and the blessing are there. What a sensitive mouth, what a firm forehead! the eyes, too, are of that royal shape which contains so many tears." I never saw her again.

"I married. I had not been married three months, and was still surprised and confused by my new duties, when I lost my mother. She died happily, with her hand in mine, thinking she left me safely sheltered and protected. My father survived her but a week; they had been married thirty years. Her life was the mainspring of his; without her he machine stopped.

"I was deeply wounded. I felt the indifference such conduct showed.

"Two months passed. I led the same life as hitherto, I was not unhappy. I enjoyed the diversions usual to my age; but there were times when I asked myself, 'Will this go on for ever? Does life afford nothing higher, greater, more absorbing?'

"My success at Court increased daily. I was more and more drawn into its most intimate circle. My brother's sister accompanied me everywhere; but accidentally, or from design, I was always left alone, the centre of some charmed line of demarcation at all Court festivities, which set me apart from all but one. That one showed me a kindness which I had the folly to mistake for a real honest regard. My inexperience, however, delayed the catastrophe.

"I received a packet some years afterwards. I showed it to a celebrated French author, and it was published. It contains the most masterly and lucid exposition of woman's nature, position, and mission, considered physiologically, morally, and intellectually. There was too much boldness in it, in some respects,—too much hardness and severity in others. Still it was admirable; but written in too dry a style to become popular.—J. B.

—Chateaubriand.

to their husband, fancy they do no wrong. I had dreams of something different from the calm sentiment of affection which hitherto was all I had experienced or inspired; and hoped that my husband would some day see in me more than the inexperienced child he had married for her beauty, and would learn to love me as I felt I could love him; but I sought nothing else. The love now offered me had no characteristic by which I could recognize it as the passionate emotion of which I had dreamed. It was simply pleasant. A sentiment, not a feeling. My tastes were sympathised with and understood, my opinions consulted, and I had that delightful consciousness that the best construction was put upon all I did and said, which gives a woman so much security, and doubtless whatever power of charming she may have. I said to myself, 'It is sweet to have a friend.' The excited position of this friend mingled my gratitude with a feeling of reverence (I had been educated in the most old-fashioned notions of loyalty), which gave an exaltation to my manner which was at last misunderstood.

"It was one evening at a masked ball to which I went as Night, crescent on head and bow in hand, that the declaration, which had been probably predicted by Court gossips for more than a month past, was made. A mask hovered about me for some time, and then drew me to a conservatory which opened from the ball room. It was the Emperor. He threw aside the careless light tone he had hitherto accustomed me to, and confessed a passion which had enough of truth in it to knock loudly at my heart. I had never till then heard that voice. Yes, I felt I was loved, though I did not love. It was bitter-sweet!

"Why do you look at me so searching?" he said; "I ask for nothing but the simple assurance that I am not indifferent to you—my great love will sooner or later win a return. Beautiful and beloved, answer me!"

"I started. I felt I had forgotten myself in a strange musing to have allowed this to go so far; and to his infinite surprise, for I saw it in his face, I neither blushed nor faltered, but knelt in my turn, I gravely kissed his hand, and laid it on my forehead (such was the custom at this Court at an audience of farewell), and then I rose, and without a word left the room. He had understood me, and sprang after me.

"Where are you going?"

"To my husband." And then, seeing the mortification and pain of his countenance, I added, "Forget, as I have already forgotten."

"The next morning by sunrise I was on my way to Rome. I travelled day and night. At length the great Dome rose before me in the purple sky. O Patria! It all seemed like a dream.

"The carriage drove to a house in the Corso, where my husband had an apartment. It was evening; through the half-closed windows I could see lights. He was at home. I went up stairs. In the ante-room I met and recognized the German valet who was always in his service. He started back as if he had seen an apparition.

"Immediately," he said, "his Excellency should be informed of my arrival. But will the Countess come this way; my master is at dinner with some friends, but he will be at liberty immediately—will your ladyship come into this room and rest?"

"He showed me into a very sumptuous bed-room. Through the open doors I saw the drawing-room brilliantly lighted up, beyond was the dining-room. I threw myself on a chair and waited. Why did not my husband join me? A sound of loud gay conversation, tinkling glasses, and quick exclamations reached me through the closed doors. It was a convivial meeting evidently, and not one of the most refined character.

"At last Ferdinand entered, he looked annoyed.

"Santa, what is the meaning of this?"

"I did not care for his coldness. In my youth and innocence I felt a sense of protection and confidence in my husband's presence, and in his home. I threw myself into his arms, I told him all. He started up, walked up and down the room with impatient exclamations in German, and at last drew me to the light, and looked at me from head to foot. His face cleared up.

"Listen to me," he said, gravely. "I will forgive you, on condition that you return home to-morrow;—home, then, was not with him—'I will accompany you as far as the frontier.'

"But—"

"Do not answer me," he said, impishly. "Take some refreshment and repose, and be ready to start at six."

"Ferdinand," I said, passionately, "have you understood me?"

"I looked into my husband's face; it was flushed. He had evidently taken a great deal of wine. He would not have spoken with so little caution under other circumstances. He was excited, and my sudden arrival perplexed him. I was so inexperienced that the shock of finding my grave distinguished husband one of a bacchanalian circle dispelled my illusions about him at once. He was cast down from his pedestal forever. The reaction from almost childlike respect to almost profound contempt was so great, that I was more indignant, more impudent than I should otherwise have been.

THE LOOK BACK OF THE DEAD.

BY CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

When I was dead, my spirit turned
To see the much frequented house;
I passed the door and saw my friends,
Feasting beneath green orange boughs.
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They snaked the pulp of plum and peach;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was fond of each.

I listened to their honest chat:

Said one, "To-morrow we shall be
Fiddling along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of sea."

Said one, "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the egypt seat."Said one, "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet.""To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way;"To-morrow," cried they, one and all,
But no one spoke of yesterday.Then life stood full at blessed noon,
I, only I, had passed away."To-morrow and to-day," they cried;
I was of yesterday.I shivered, comfortless, but cast
No chill across the table-cloth;I all forgot, shivered, sad
To stay, and yet to part how loth!I passed from the familiar room,
I who from love had passed away.Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

MY DEAR ROSE.

A TALE OF JEALOUSY.

"Please, sir, that young person's called
again," said Emma the housemaid.

"Ah!" answered Mr. Randall, as he deposited his umbrella in the stand, and proceeded to remove his mud-spattered gaiters. Mrs. Tozer, who was coming down stairs from her bedroom with the last volume of *Adam Bede* in her hand, overheard both remarks.

"Emma!" said she, as Mr. Randall passed through the back-door into the little garden to take one fond look before dinner at his cherry-tree, on which five exuberances like large green peas were visible—"Emma!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where is Mr. Tozer?"

"He is not come in from his Turkish bath yet, ma'am."

"Hm! where is your mistress?"

"Hupset with Miss Judkins, ma'am."

"Oh! the dressmaker, Emma," continued Mrs. Tozer, in a low confidential tone, "who was that young person that called on Mr. Randall?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am," replied the servant, volubly. "The first time she comes here, she was with master ever so long in the parlor, and she went out crying."

"Nice-looking?" inquired Mrs. Tozer.

"She was what some might call nice-looking," replied Emma, with a slight toss of her head.

"Well dressed?"

"Well, ma'am, she was decently dressed enough, but there was no style about her—only a plain straw bonnet, and ever so little crinoline."

Here the return of Mr. Randall from the garden put an end to the colloquy. Emma retired to the kitchen, while Mrs. Tozer sailed into the drawing room.

"Well, uncle," said Alfred Randall as the party were comfortably seated at dinner, "how do you get on with the bathing?"

"Capitally, my dear boy," replied Mr. Tozer. "I look upon Urquhart as the greatest benefactor of the present generation. I should like to see a statue of him in Trafalgar Square, with a what's his name in his hand."

"A what's his name?" asked Mrs. Randall.

"I mean one of those things the Romans used to scrape themselves with."

"Mr. Tozer, how can you?" said Mrs. Tozer, reproachfully.

"Oh! a stripl!" exclaimed Alfred, with a laugh. "But do you think you are losing flesh?"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Tozer, "I'm sure you're fatter than ever, and your face is dreadfully red."

"My love," rejoined her husband, "you're getting unpleasantly personal. Krakbax, my rubber, says it's entirely owing to the removal of the useless epidermis—you see the natural tint of the skin."

"Well, for taking down superfluous flesh, there's nothing like regular drill," said Alfred; "why don't you join the Volunteers, uncle?"

"Too stout, my boy," sighed Mr. Tozer, putting himself below the bosom. "I couldn't stand that skirmishing business. Double-quick march, drop on your knee, and fire! I should never get up again. I should remain in a supine attitude for the rest of my life, unless helped up by the adjutant."

Mrs. Tozer watched her nephew narrowly during dinner-time, fancying she perceived an air of distraction and anxiety beneath his apparent hilarity of manner.

At length the ladies retired to the drawing-room, while the gentlemen sat awhile over a modest bottle of claret.

"Uncle Harry, you're a good-natured man," said Alfred.

"Fat does not always imply good-nature—why do you make the remark?"

"Because I want you to do me a favor."

"Money, of course."

"Yes."

"How much?"

"A very moderate sum—thirty pounds for three months."

"My dear boy, I can't do it without asking Mrs. Tozer."

"That's just what I don't want. Aunt is an excellent creature, but deeply infected, my dear uncle, with the feminine weakness of curiosity."

"Ha!" said his wife, "so I thought. My

"She is indeed," sighed Mr. Tozer. "Then it's for a secret purpose?"

"Well, in some respects," said Alfred, coloring—"it's an act of charity."

"You see, my boy," answered Mr. Tozer, "the state of the case is this: both our incomes are very limited. Mine, less income-tax, is three hundred and fifty per annum; yours, from the Assurance Company, two hundred. Your aunt considers our living with you a material assistance, although—"

"Can't you let me have the thirty pounds in advance for your board and lodgings?"

"Alfred, I must confess to you a melancholy fact—I am a henpecked man. Not a cheque do I venture to draw without submitting it to your aunt. Mrs. Tozer's of a most jealous disposition, and she would fancy, if she spied an unknown draft for thirty pounds in the pass-book, that it was to

pay for Star and Garter dinners to ballroom-dancers, or some such absurdity. I deeply lament," continued Mr. Tozer, "that we have never had a family. If I had had half a score of boys and girls, instead of vegetating on this miserable funded property, I should have gone on working away in the city. A true Englishman should die in harness. And the worst of it is, I get no sympathy. When I go down to my old haunts in the city, everybody says: 'Ah, Tozer, what a jolly-looking, comfortable, lucky fellow you are! No brats to bother you, no business to worry you—don't I envy you?' Alfred, at times I feel desperate, as if I should like to break loose, plunge into scenes of low life, and defy your aunt! Well, my boy, I'll think over this money-matter to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and the family were seated at breakfast, when the postman's double-knock was heard at the door.

"Let me be postman!" cried little Harry Randall, racing out to the front-door, and taking the letters from Emma. He ran in, and knocked an imitation double-knock at the parlor-door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Randall.

"I'm penny-postman—I'm penny-postman!" exclaimed Harry, distributing the letters impartially among the company, without regard to their addresses.

"Harry, this is for your papa," said Mrs. Tozer, handing back a remarkably dirty letter which the little boy had given her: "dear me, it smells like a stable!"

"Oh!" murmured Alfred, deep in the *Daily Telegraph*, and apparently not hearing the last remark. He thrust the letter unopened into his pocket, and went on reading.

After breakfast, Mrs. Tozer retired to the bow-window with *Adam Bede* in her hand, and began to play with little Harry.

"So you'd like to be a postman, Harry?"

"Yes, Aunt Susan."

"Why?"

"Because they're dressed like soldiers. Emma knows a soldier; I saw him in the kitchen, and he taught me to do this," said Harry, making a military salute.

"But a postman isn't a gentleman, Harry."

"Would papa shake hands with me if I was a postman?" asked Harry, in a melancholy tone.

"Why, what a funny question," said his aunt, laughing.

"But a postman's better than a cabman," continued Harry.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Tozer decisively, with a shuddering recollection of sundry battles-royal with members of that fraternity.

"Well, Emma and me saw papa shake hands with a cabman in the Alpha Road, and Emma said: 'My patience, if ever I see the likes of that!'

"Now, Harry, no more play; run and get your lesson-book."

Harry scampered off, while Mrs. Tozer gazed over the edge of *Adam Bede* at Mr. Randall, who was busily reading the dirty letter. He put it in his pocket, then drew the blotting pad towards him, and began to write. He folded, enveloped, and stamped what he had written, put it also into his pocket, and in a quarter of an hour left the house for the city.

As soon as she heard the front-door slam, Mrs. Tozer rose. She was a well-meaning woman, but full of curiosity, and prone, from an habitual taste for novel reading, to look for mysteries in the most common-place matters. She went to the table and examined the blotting pad. Alfred's letter had been written with a quill pen and rather thick ink, and a good portion of it was distinctly impressed on the blotting-paper. She could make out that it was in answer to an urgent demand for money; but the commencement of the letter was what filled her with the greatest astonishment—"My dear Rose." The address of the envelope was illegible, save the last words, "Lisson Grove." She shut *Adam Bede*, and, utterly forgetful of the sorrows of Hettie, remained with her chin upon her hand for some moments in deep cogitation.

"My dear, any commands?" said Mr. Tozer, entering the room with hat and stick. "I'm going for a constitutional round the Regent's Park," and Mr. Tozer spun his hat round on his stick.

"Tozer," said his wife, "you're a perfect child. Ah, I wish I had your spirits! My love," continued she, with unworded softness, "I want to speak to you."

Mr. Tozer placed two chairs in the centre of the room, then striking an attitude, exclaimed, with a strong theatrical twang, "Madam, say on. Some fifteen years have passed away—"

"Nonsense, Tozer; I begin to think you've been at the cherry brandy. What I want to know is this: have you observed anything curious about Alfred lately?"

"I noticed he wore a paper collar yesterday, which you won't allow me to do, although, I assure you, they're far cheaper."

"Mr. Tozer, you're distractingly. I speak seriously on a serious subject; now answer me!"

"Well, no. I can't say. Hm—I thought he was rather strange in his manner about that letter this morning."

"My dear boy, I can't do it without asking Mrs. Tozer."

"That's just what I don't want. Aunt is an excellent creature, but deeply infected, my dear uncle, with the feminine weakness of curiosity."

"Ha!" said his wife, "so I thought. My

"She is indeed," sighed Mr. Tozer. "Then it's for a secret purpose?"

"Well, in some respects," said Alfred, coloring—"it's an act of charity."

"You see, my boy," answered Mr. Tozer, "the state of the case is this: both our incomes are very limited. Mine, less income-tax, is three hundred and fifty per annum; yours, from the Assurance Company, two hundred. Your aunt considers our living with you a material assistance, although—"

"Can't you let me have the thirty pounds in advance for your board and lodgings?"

"Alfred, I must confess to you a melancholy fact—I am a henpecked man. Not a cheque do I venture to draw without submitting it to your aunt. Mrs. Tozer's of a

"most jealous disposition, and she would fancy, if she spied an unknown draft for thirty pounds in the pass-book, that it was to

"pay for Star and Garter dinners to ballroom-dancers, or some such absurdity."

"Well, my love—"

"Tozer, you have: let me see your cheque-book."

"My dearest, on my honor, I've not; he only asked me—"

"And you refused, of course."

"Of course I did," said Tozer valiantly.

"Were it not for poor Ellen, and the assistance we are to them in their housekeeping, I should go at once into furnished lodgings," continued Mrs. Tozer; "but—"

"But are you sure of his guilt?" faltered Mr. Tozer.

"Mr. Tozer, in this world we are sure of

"nothing; but although I am a woman, I have

"brains, and a web of circumstantial evidence

"is lowering over poor Alfred's head, which

"may blow his character to pieces," answered

"Mrs. Tozer, distorting her metaphors."

"Thus much I may tell you: a woman, Christian

"name Rose, surname unknown, has twice

"called here on Alfred. She was seen in tears

"after an interview with him; she writes to

"him for money; he replies in affectionate

"terms; finally (to judge from the odor of her

"letter), she lives in a mews near Lisson Grove."

"Mr. Tozer, in this world we are sure of

"nothing; but although I am a woman, I have

"brains, and a web of circumstantial evidence

"is lowering over poor Alfred's head, which

"may blow his character to pieces," answered

"Mrs. Tozer, distorting her metaphors."

"Thus much I may tell you: a woman, Christian

"name Rose, surname unknown, has twice

"called here on Alfred. She was seen in tears

"after an interview with him; she writes to

"him for money; he replies in affectionate

"terms; finally (to judge from the odor of her

"letter), she lives in a mews near Lisson Grove."

"Mr. Tozer, in this world we are sure of

"nothing; but although I am a woman, I have

"brains, and a web of circumstantial evidence

"is lowering over poor Alfred's head, which

"may blow his character to pieces," answered

"Mrs. Tozer, distorting her metaphors."

"Thus much I may tell you: a woman, Christian

"name Rose, surname unknown, has twice

"called here on Alfred. She was seen in tears

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.
ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHAPLAINS.

A well-known Scotch artist, whose delineations of character delight his many friends, and who is almost as remarkable in his anecdotes as in his pictures, commences one of his stories by narrating how an old Scotch game-keeper once remarked to him in a slow solemn voice, "Do you know, sir, that I myself have seen actually known men, ay, and respectable men too, who—did not—believe—in ghosts?" And he describes how the old keeper, on being questioned as to his own belief in ghosts, replied, with face averted, half in pity, half in sorrow for the questioner, but with, if possible, deeper solemnity, "I know it!"

I am not sure if the game-keeper stands alone in his belief; and I question whether, if the great majority of the "upper ten thousand" were asked regarding their faith as to apparitions, they would not agree with the lower ten thousand who are assumed to be the only honest believers in occasional visits from the inhabitants of the mysterious ghost-land. Very possibly in broad daylight, when driving in the park—or shopping—or visiting the Exhibition—or, even when the candles are lighted, and when seated round the dinner-table—or in the midst of the buzz and flutter of an evening party, the realities of the palpable and prosaic world may act as such opiate to the ideal faculty, and so close the eyes and stop the ears of the inner eye which alone can discern the spirit-world, that all faith in its existence may be denied or ridiculed. But take any one of those persons singly, especially the most thoughtful and gifted; let him or her remain in the large drawing room when it is emptied of its guests, with the lights extinguished, except one or two sufficiently bright to project "shadows on the wall," but not to illumine the darker recesses of the room—when the fire burns low, and the cinders fall, and begin to crumble audibly among the ashes—when the midnight winds are creeping round the house, sighing at the windows, or breaking out into angry gusts which boom over the chimney head, and shake the huge trees on the lawn, forcing one to think of ships fighting with storms on misty coasts, or drenched wrecks creeping over splashing moors, and then let the thoughts gradually slide into sad stories of human suffering, mingled with anecdotes, about presentiments, dreams, odd coincidences, unaccountable appearances, and the like; and ever and anon let some strange sounds of wind and rain and chafing foliage be heard, with creaks of old timber, no one knows where, I ask with confidence whether in such circumstances, at two in the morning, the skeptic will not profess more faith in ghosts than he or she would at two in the afternoon?

The fact cannot be denied by any one moderately acquainted with human opinions, that there is an almost universal belief in ghosts. Or if that is a too broad and vulgar way of expressing the belief, let us rather say, a universal feeling verging on belief, if not reaching it, that there are certainly "more things in heaven and earth" than our daylight philosophy accepts of or can account for; that there are revelations from a world unseen by the carnal eye, unheard by the carnal ear, which come to the seeing and hearing faculties of the spirit in certain states of mind and body which are alone susceptible of this intercourse; that these revelations assume divers forms, it may be of strange sights and sounds, vivid dreams, sudden and overpowering impressions, apparitions, ghosts, spirit-knockings, call them what you please—which compel the belief that the ghost-world with which we are unquestionably surrounded, impinges occasionally on the familiar, or on what we call the actual, just as strange and rare birds from another far off coast are sometimes driven by storms on our coasts.

This is a subject to which I have paid some attention. Without, as far as I can discover, any prejudice to warp my judgment, or any want of such a careful and cautious induction as a detective might bestow in tracing out the facts of a crime, and weighing the evidence in the nicest balance, I have collected several unquestionable facts, in which I have no hesitation whatever in publicly acknowledging my belief. I am also firmly persuaded that their truth rests upon incomparably more satisfactory proofs than those stories of spirit-rappings which are so firmly believed in by so many. I have listened patiently to the details of most remarkable phenomena connected with spirit-rapping and table-turning, related to me by ladies and gentlemen "moving in the best circles of society," and by evangelical clergymen whose word no one would think of doubting, and whose judgment no one, I presume, would once dare to call in question. A clergymen, for example, whose literary abilities, sound sense, piety, broad-mindedness, and truthfulness are sufficiently guaranteed by the fact of his being a frequent contributor to the pages of a leading "Religious" newspaper, while assuming that any doubt as to the reality of spirit-rapping, apparitions, witches, etc., indicated an infidel tendency, affirmed his belief that the devil was the real person who pulled all those strings. I took the bold step of questioning this, which I fear has shaken his faith in my Christianity; and I confessed to him frankly that I had such an opinion of Satan's intellect, and of the immense amount of work he evidently had to do in France, Italy, and America, not to speak of our own country, as made me doubt how far he had himself the time, or could spare even the weakest and most imbecile of his spirits to amuse respectable, well-to-do, idle ladies, to furnish arguments in favor of a ghost-world to skeptics, to paralyze weak curates, or even to afflict the best and most popular clergy illustrations for their sermons.

I also took the liberty of directing his at-

tention to the following verse in the Prophecy of Isaiah, and which seemed new to him:—"When they shall say unto you, See with them that have familiar spirits, and wizards that, peep and mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?" (That is, as I understand it, should the living in reference to their affairs consult the dead?) "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Strange to say, this passage made my clerical friend only hold more firmly to the alleged facts and his devil-theory regarding them; for he maintained that many men whom he knew to be a little more skeptical regarding "the law and the testimony" of Scripture, and who "staggered through unbelief" in the miracles there recorded, nevertheless sought information "from the dead," and had perfect faith in the truth of the revelations so obtained, thus proving the devil to be the real deceiver.

Granting for the present the truth of the alleged facts of spirit-rapping and of table-turning; yet after hearing them, and comparing them with some of the mysteries I have myself collected, chiefly in the Highlands, connected with second sight and ghostly apparitions, and with other similar phenomena noticed by me in some of the remote valleys of the Harz and Black Forest, I cannot possibly admit the one without admitting the other. Both seem to me to rest on such evidence as must compel them to stand or fall together.

I have no wish whatever to bring any reader, who has "made up his mind" on those mysterious topics, to my way of thinking. I shall acknowledge it as a sign of progress if I am permitted to hold my own views without being condemned as a person devoid of all judgment or common sense. My excellent publishers are also willing to run all risks by permitting me to make the pages of this periodical a vehicle for disseminating more worthy views of the mysteries of our spirit-life.

But one fact is better than a thousand mere arguments in discussing such a question, and I shall therefore devote the rest of this paper to a narrative, which the reader may rest assured is *strictly true*, and then I shall leave him to judge for himself as to how far such mysterious phenomena as it records can be accounted for.

A friend of mine, a medical man, was on a fishing expedition with an old college acquaintance, an army surgeon, whom he had not met for many years, from his having been in India with his regiment. McDonald, the army surgeon, was a thorough Highlander, and slightly tinctured with what is called the superstition of his countrymen, and at the time I speak of was liable to rather depressed spirits from an unsound liver. His native air was, however, rapidly renewing his youth; and when he and his old friend paced along the banks of the fishing stream in a lonely part of Argyleshire, and sent their lines like airy gossamers over the pools, and touched the water over a salmon's nose, so temptingly that the best principled and wisest fish could not resist him, McDonald had apparently regained all his buoyancy of spirit. They had been fishing together for about a week with great success, when McDonald proposed to pay a visit to a family he was acquainted with, which would separate him from his friend for some days. But whenever he spoke of their intended separation, he sank down into his old gloomy state, at one time declaring that he felt as if they were never to meet again. My friend tried to rally him, but in vain. They parted at the troutine stream, McDonald's route being across a mountain pass, with which, however, he had been well acquainted in his youth, though the road was lonely and wild in the extreme. The Doctor returned early in the evening to his resting place, which was a shepherd's house lying on the very outskirts of the "settlements," and beside a gushing mountain stream. The shepherd's only attendants at the time were two herd lads and three dogs.

Attached to the hut, and communicating with it by a short passage, was rather a comfortable room which "the Laird" had fitted up to serve as a sort of lodge for himself in the midst of his shooting-ground, and which he had put for a fortnight at the disposal of my friend.

Shortly after sunset on the day I mention, the wind began to rise suddenly to a gale, the rain descended in torrents, and the night became extremely dark. The shepherd seemed uneasy, and several times went to the door to inspect the weather. At last he aroused the fears of the Doctor for McDonald's safety, by expressing the hope that by this time he was "owre that awfu' black mow, and across the red bura." Every traveller in the Highlands knows how rapidly these mountain streams rise, and how confusing the moor becomes in a dark night. "The black moss and red bura" were words that were never after forgotten by the Doctor, from the strange feelings they produced when first heard that night, for there came into his mind terrible thoughts and forebodings about poor McDonald, and reproaches for never having considered his possible danger in attempting such a journey alone. In vain the shepherd assured him that he must have reached a place of safety before the darkness and the storm came on. A presentiment which he could not cast off made him so miserable that he could hardly refrain from tears. But nothing could be done to relieve the anxiety now become so painful.

The Doctor, after the day's fishing was over, had packed his rod so as to take it into his bed room; but he had left a minnow attached to the hook. A white cat who was left in the room swallowed the minnow, and was hooked. The unfortunate gourmand had vehemently protested against this intrusion into her upper lip by the violent "Fit! fit! fit!" with which she tried to spit the hook out; the reel added the mysterious whirr-r-r, and the disengaged line, getting entangled in the legs of the chairs and table, as the hooked cat attempted to fly from her tormentor, set the furniture in motion, and tripped up both the shepherd and the Doctor; while an ivy-branch kept tapping at the window! Will any one doubt the existence of ghosts and a spirit-world after this?

I have only to add that the Doctor's skill was employed during the night in cutting the hook out of the cat's lip, while his poor patient, yet most impatient, was held by the shepherd in a bag, the head alone of pain, with hook and minnow, being visible. McDonald made his appearance in a day or two, rejoicing once more to see his friend, and greatly enjoying the ghost story. As the Doctor finished the history of his night's horrors, he could not help laying down a proposition very dogmatically to his half-superstitious friend, and as some amends for his own terror.

"Depend upon it," said he, "if we could

thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit-rappings, etc., you would, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits; that is—great humbug and nonsense."

ment, and forcing himself to smile at his nervousness, he turned round, and began again to seek repose. But now a noise began, too distinct and loud to make sleep possible. Starting and sitting up in bed, he heard repeated in rapid succession, as if some one was spitting in anger, and close to his bed,—"Fit! fit! fit!" and then a prolonged "whirr-r-r" from another part of the room, while every chair began to move, and the table to jerk. The Doctor remained in breathless silence, with every faculty intensely acute. He frankly confessed that he heard his heart beating, for the sound was so unearthly, so horrible, and something seemed to come so near him that he began seriously to consider whether or not he had some attack of fever which affected his brain,—for remember, he had not tasted a drop of the shepherd's small store of whiskey! He felt his own pulse, composed his spirits, and compelled himself to exercise calm judgment. Straining his eyes to discover anything, he plainly saw at last a white object moving, but without sound, before him. He knew that the door was shut and the window also. An overpowering conviction then seized him, which he could not resist, that his friend McDonald was dead! By an effort he seized a lucifer-box on a chair beside him, and struck a light. No white object could be seen. The room appeared to be as when he went to bed. The door was shut. He looked at his watch, and particularly marked that the hour was twenty-two minutes past three. But the match was hardly extinguished when, louder than ever, the same unearthly cry of "Fit! fit! fit!" was heard, followed by the same horrible whirr-r-r, which made his teeth chatter with terrible rapidity. Then the movement of the table and every chair in the room was resumed with increased violence, while the tapping on the window was heard above the storm. There was no bell in the room, but the Doctor, on hearing all this frightful confusion of sounds again repeated, and beholding the white object moving towards him in terrible silence, began to thump the wooden partition and to shout at the top of his voice for the shepherd, and having done so, he divided his head under the blankets.

The shepherd soon made his appearance, in his night-shirt, with a small oil-lamp, or "crusey," over his head, anxiously inquiring as he entered the room—

"What is it, Doctor? What's wrong? Pity me, are ye ill?"

"Very!" cried the Doctor. But before he could give any explanations a loud whirr-r-r was heard, followed by the same horrible "Fit! fit! fit!" close to his teeth, which made his teeth chatter with terrible rapidity. Then the movement of the table and every chair in the room was resumed with increased violence, while the tapping on the window was heard above the storm. There was no bell in the room, but the Doctor, on hearing all this frightful confusion of sounds again repeated, and beholding the white object moving towards him in terrible silence, began to thump the wooden partition and to shout at the top of his voice for the shepherd, and having done so, he divided his head under the blankets.

The Doctor soon made his appearance, in his night-shirt, with a small oil-lamp, or "crusey," over his head, anxiously inquiring as he entered the room—

"What is it, Doctor? What's wrong? Pity me, are ye ill?"

"Heaven knows, Duncan," ejaculated the Doctor with agitated voice, "but do pick up the lamp, and I shall strike a light."

The Doctor soon made his appearance, in his night-shirt, with a small oil-lamp, or "crusey," over his head, anxiously inquiring as he entered the room—

"What is it, Doctor? What's wrong? Pity me, are ye ill?"

"Heaven knows, Duncan," ejaculated the Doctor with agitated voice, "but do pick up the lamp, and I shall strike a light."

Duncan did so in no small fear; but as he made his way to the bed in the darkness, to get a match from the Doctor, something caught his foot; he fell; and then, amidst the same noises and tumults of chairs, which immediately filled the apartment, the "Fit! fit! fit! fit!" was prolonged with more vehemence than ever! The Doctor sprang up, and made his way out of the room, but was several times tripped, by some unknown power, so that he had the greatest difficulty in reaching the door without a fall. He was followed by Duncan, and both rushed out of the room, shutting the door after them. A new light having been obtained, they both returned with extreme caution, and it must be added, fear, in the hope of finding some cause or other for all those terrifying signs. Would it surprise our readers to hear that they searched the room in vain?—that, after minutely examining under the table, chairs, bed, everywhere, and with the door shut, not a trace could be found of anything? Would they believe that they heard during the day how poor McDonald had staggered, half dead from fatigue, into his friend's house, and falling into a fit, had died at twenty-two minutes past three that morning? We do not ask any one to accept of all this as true. But we pledge our honor to the following facts:—

The Doctor, after the day's fishing was over, had packed his rod so as to take it into his bed room; but he had left a minnow attached to the hook. A white cat who was left in the room swallowed the minnow, and was hooked. The unfortunate gourmand had vehemently protested against this intrusion into her upper lip by the violent "Fit! fit! fit!" with which she tried to spit the hook out; the reel added the mysterious whirr-r-r, and the disengaged line, getting entangled in the legs of the chairs and table, as the hooked cat attempted to fly from her tormentor, set the furniture in motion, and tripped up both the shepherd and the Doctor; while an ivy-branch kept tapping at the window! Will any one doubt the existence of ghosts and a spirit-world after this?

I have only to add that the Doctor's skill was employed during the night in cutting the hook out of the cat's lip, while his poor patient, yet most impatient, was held by the shepherd in a bag, the head alone of pain, with hook and minnow, being visible. McDonald made his appearance in a day or two, rejoicing once more to see his friend, and greatly enjoying the ghost story. As the Doctor finished the history of his night's horrors, he could not help laying down a proposition very dogmatically to his half-superstitious friend, and as some amends for his own terror.

"Depend upon it," said he, "if we could

thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit-rappings, etc., you would, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits; that is—great humbug and nonsense."

We have this heterodox sentiment with

confidence in the heads of the illustrious dead, who spend so much time in disturbing furniture without even the apology of a hook and minnow. We have no doubt that Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, or probably Newton or Bacon, if properly invited, will cheerfully come as guests to any teaparty of true believers in London or Boston, to contradict in the most authoritative manner the Doctor's profane skepticism. We shall be glad to hear the views of those distinguished men, who, it is alleged, though dead yet speak; and we shall be proud to number them among our contributors. We despair of the cat. She has been silent ever since her great debut into spirit-land. Her lips though sealed are sealed.

THE PRESIDENT ON EMANCIPATION
His Interview with the Chicago Delegation.

The following report by a Chicago delegation of their interview with the President, is of interest as showing the views which induced the President to issue his recent proclamation. The delegation presented a memorial in favor of emancipation, and give the following as

as yesterday. Every day increases their Union feeling. They are also getting their pride enlisted, and want to beat the rebels. Let me say one thing more: I think you should admit that we already have an important principle to rally and unite the people in the fact that constitutional government is at stake. This is a fundamental idea, going down about as deep as anything.

A CONVERSATION.

We answered that, being fresh from the people, we were naturally more hopeful than himself as to the necessity and probable effect of such a proclamation. The value of constitutional government is indeed a grand idea for which to contend; but the people know that nothing else has put constitutional government in danger but slavery; that the togetherness of that aristocratic and despotic element among our free institutions was the inconsistency that has nearly wrought our ruin and caused free government to appear a failure before the world; and therefore the people demand emancipation to preserve and perpetuate constitutional government. Our idea would thus be found to go deeper than this and to be armed with corresponding power.

Mr. Lincoln. Yes, that is the true ground of our difficulty.

Delegation. That a proclamation of general emancipation, giving "Liberty and Union" as the national watchword, would rouse the people and rally them to his support beyond anything yet witnessed—appealing alike to conscience, sentiment, and hope. He must remember, too, that present manifestations are no index of what would then take place. If the leader will but utter a trumpet call, the nation will respond with patriotic ardor. No one can tell the power of the right word from the right man to develop the latent fire and enthusiasm of the masses.

Mr. Lincoln. I know it.

Delegation. That good sense must, of course, be exercised in drilling, arming, and using black as well as white troops to make them efficient; and that, in a scarcity of arms, it was at least worthy of inquiry whether it were not wise to place a portion of them in the hands of those nearest to the seat of the rebellion, and able to strike the deadliest blow. That, in case of a proclamation of emancipation, we had no fear of serious injury from the desertion of border-state troops. The danger was greatly diminished, as the President had admitted. But, let the desertions be what they might, the increased spirit of the North would replace them two to one. One state alone, if necessary, would compensate the loss, were the whole fifty thousand to join the enemy. The struggle has gone too far, and cost too much treasure and blood, to allow of a partial settlement. Let the line be drawn at the same time between freedom and slavery, and between loyalty and treason. The sooner we know who are our enemies the better.

In bringing our interview to a close, after an hour of earnest and frank discussion, of which the foregoing is a specimen, Mr. Lincoln remarked:—Do not misunderstand me because I have mentioned these objections. They indicate the difficulties that have thus far prevented my action in some such way as you desire. I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind, by day and night, more than any other. Whatever appear to be God's will, I will do.

INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

From the Richmond Dispatch of the 17th.

The road to Pennsylvania lies invitingly open. There are no regular soldiers on the route, and it would be a task of little difficulty to disperse the rabble of militia that might be brought to oppose them.

The country is enormously rich. It abounds in fat cattle, cereals, horses and mules. Our troops would live on the very fat of the land. They would find an opportunity, moreover, to teach the Dutch farmers and grazers, who have been clamorous for this war, what invasion really is. If once compelled to take his own physic, which is a great deal more than he ever bargained for, Mynheer will cry aloud for peace in a very short time. For our own part, we trust the first proclamation of Pope and the manner in which his army carried it out, will not be forgotten. We hope the troops will turn the whole country into a desert, as the Yankees did the Piedmont country of Virginia.

Let not a blade of grass, or a stalk of corn, or a barrel of flour, or a bushel of meal, or a sack of salt, or a horse, or a cow, or a hog, or a sheep, be left wherever they move along. Let vengeance be taken for all that has been done, until retribution itself shall stand aghast. This is the country of the smooth-spoken, would-be-gentlemen, McClellan. He has caused a loss to us, in Virginia, of at least thirty thousand negroes, the most valuable property that a Virginian can own. They have no negroes in Pennsylvania. Retaliation must therefore fall upon something else, and let it fall upon everything that constitutes property. A Dutch farmer has no negroes; but he has horses that can be seized, grain that can be confiscated, cattle that can be killed, and horses that can be burned. He can be taken prisoner and sent to Libby's warehouse, as our friends in Faquier and Loudoun, Culpepper, and the Peninsula have been sent to Lincoln's dungeons in the North. Let retaliation be complete, that the Yankees may learn that two can play at the game they have themselves commenced.

By advancing into Pennsylvania with rapidity, our army can easily get possession of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and break it down so thoroughly that it cannot be repaired in six months. They have already possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the York River Railroad. By breaking down these and the railroad from Philadelphia to Baltimore, they will completely isolate both Washington and Baltimore. No reinforcements can reach them from either the North or West, except by the Potowmack and the bay.

(Note.—Since the above was written, and the battle of Antietam, the rebels have probably concluded to postpone their invasion and destruction of Pennsylvania till a more convenient season.)

The last census of the United States shows that in 1860 there were 733,258 more males than females in the country. This note-worthy fact ought to quiet the apprehensions of those who feared the war would cause an undue preponderance of women after peace. No matter how bloody the war may be or how long it may last, it cannot make away with three-quarters of a million of lives. The waste of life may make the sexes nearly even, but even then we shall be better off than in England, where the females are in excess by nearly a million, and the social problem of the day is how to provide them with husbands or occupation.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Since Illinois poored forth her myrmids so gloriously for the support of the Union cause, her soubiquet has been changed by general consent from the Sucker state to the Succor state.—Eric Post.

THE CONDITION OF THE REBEL ARMY.
WHAT A SURGEON SAYS OF IT.

A surgeon, whom the *New York Times* says is a gentleman of scientific habit of mind and close observation, and who had the opportunity which, till then, had scarcely been enjoyed by any loyalist, of seeing nearly the whole rebel army march by, as they were crossing the Potomac, gives the following account of the rebel army:

There were two corps d'armes—that of Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson; they marched in two solid columns over the bridges, and were about fifteen hours in passing. This gentleman counted the numbers in a given time, and then made a rough estimate of the whole force; his reckoning would show those corps alone numbering close upon 60,000.

He had heard the usual accounts of the costume, appearance and condition of the rebel army, and like most of us, supposed them exaggerations. But he now says that no descriptions he has seen approaches the truth. There never was beheld such a gang of ragged, rowdy looking men. It was like an army of rag-pickers. There was no uniform or attempt at uniform. Officers and men were equally dirty and dingy. The hats were commonly old "wide-awakes" stained by a long campaign, often with the tops gone and the hair streaming out. The trowsers were of all colors, and generally in tatters up to the knees. The coats, if they had any, were dirty and ragged, and often well-greased by the piece of bacon which each man carried on his bayonet. The shirts were black with long use. One officer told our informant that he had not been able to change his shirt for six weeks. Their blankets were of all colors and materials—often bits of carpeting and old bed-comforters. Nearly one-half of the men were barefooted. They carried their crackers, and bullets, and caps, all together in their pockets. Both officers and men were excessively lousy, and the stench from the passing columns was almost unbearable.

As they marched by, our men were surprised at first at the great number of field officers, riding in the lines, and then at the small numbers gathered around the flags. Their first theory was that these were sections of regiments, each with a separate flag. But they soon discovered that they were *bona fide* regiments, numbering from 150 to 300 men with their own banners and mounted officers. Many of these regiments, they were informed, had numbered 1,000 and 1,100 men. Their method of treating their sick and wounded would account for much of this diminution.

After each regiment followed some half-dozen men with stretchers, and whenever a man fell out of the ranks from sickness, he was taken at once to the nearest house, and left there to the mercies of the country people. So with those wounded or operated on in battle. They were never carried with the army. The men were by no means in good spirits. They told our informant that they had been constantly walking since the battle before Richmond, and with very little to eat. They reproached Jackson with working them too hard. There was no enthusiasm shown by any of them, and the North Carolinians and the Irish were particularly lukewarm. The Virginians alone expressed some bitterness, on account of the ravages which their state had suffered. They evidently felt the deepest disappointment at their reception in Maryland. With regard to the future prospects of the war, their great hope and sustaining assurance was that the two new levies, by volunteering and drafting, could not possibly be raised at the North. We had come, they believed, to the end of our power.

The whole rebel army had, to the eyes of this medical gentleman and his associates, a worn-out, exhausted look. The *physique* was inferior to that of our men, and they evidently suffered from want of food and overwork. Even the horses looked wretchedly.

With such testimony as this, from persons accustomed especially to judge of the physical condition of men, what may not be believed of the present condition of the rebel army?

Men can fight on empty stomachs and endure long and harassing marches where victory and plunder reward them. But now to retrace their weary steps over a desolated country, under the consciousness of defeat and disaster, and with an active enemy behind them, must have a most discouraging effect upon them. They want rest and food. This is precisely what we should not allow them. Energy now on our part is worth all to us. An incessant, vigorous attack from our forces, might go far to break up and utterly demoralize the rebel army. Hesitation now, slow movements, any Corinth or Richmond operation with spade and pick-axe, will surely give the enemy time to recuperate, and destroy all the advantages of this successful campaign.

A CHAPLAIN'S VIEW OF THE EVILS OF DRUNKENNESS IN THE ARMY.—The Rev. H. Bulkeley, Chaplain to the 1st Regiment, Sickles' Brigade, who went through the campaign on the Peninsula, in a recent sermon defined patriotism, spoke of our national pride, contrasted the North with the South, complimented Kosuth and Garibaldi, alluded to our recent reverses, and traced their cause to our lack of trust in God. He then proceeded to speak of the prevalence of intemperance in the army. He said: "Drunkenness prevails very much. At the battle of Fair Oaks a distinguished General of Division was so much under the influence of intoxicating drink as to be observed by all. His Adjutant-General, too, was so overcome that, believing him to be wounded, he was placed on a stretcher and carried to the rear, but when the surgeon examined him he was boozily drunk. His young Aide-de-Camp, too, who was previously unused to it, was so drunk as to be unable to sit on his horse, and (said the preacher) I saw him."

THE LOSS AT ANTIETAM.—Medical Inspector Muzzy has just returned from the field of battle on the Antietam, and gives some estimates of the Federal loss, which are probably much more reliable than any yet made public. He places our loss at about fifteen hundred killed, and nearly, if not quite, seven thousand wounded. The number of rebel wounded left upon the field, estimates at from three to four thousand, and their entire loss at from four to five thousand killed, and over twelve thousand wounded. It is understood that Surgeon General Hammond, who also returned from the field to-day, makes very nearly the same estimate.

Mrs. LINCOLN got alarmed recently about the danger her husband incurred in his rides to and from the Soldiers' Home. So she procured a Presidential guard of two soldiers with loaded blunderbusses, and in this rustic style "Old Abe" drove up to General Halleck's headquarters. Such a style of retinue astonished the General, and a suitable cavalry escort was at once provided and now accompanies the Commander-in-Chief of the army of Washington.

THE REGISTRAR GENERAL OF SCOTLAND suggests that diphtheria is the appearance in the human subject of the murrain in cattle, and says that diphtheria in children has been produced by partaking of the milk of cows thus affected.

NEWS ITEMS.

ELEVEN COUNTIES in Ohio have raised their quota.

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, United States Volunteers, has been appointed a Brigadier-General in the regular army, by the President, as an official recognition of his valuable services. General Hooker is a native of Massachusetts, and is one of our ablest field-marshals. He commanded a corps d'armes at the battle of Antietam, and was severely wounded in the right foot.

GOVERNOR BOUTWELL, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has decided that physicians, surgeons and dentists require but one license under the Excise law, to practice either one or all branches of the medical profession.

INFORMATION has been received from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, stating that the difficulties with the Chippewas, in Minnesota, had been adjusted, but he is fearful that the trouble with the Sioux, in the same state, have just commenced, and will be of long continuance.

GEN. PRINCE and other officers, who were recently captured from the late army of Gen. Pope, have been released by the rebels.

WIDOWS and other heirs of deceased soldiers who are entitled to the \$100 bounty granted by the Act of July 22, 1862, should know that, in order to obtain it, they must make a written application for it to the Hon. E. B. French, Second Auditor of the Treasury.

ENGLISH FEELING TOWARD THE UNITED STATES.—An English correspondent says that the only men of high rank who wish well for the Northern cause are the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Argyll. The talk in the clubs is all one way, and that against the North. "The bystanders," we are told, "are assured that the North only desires to get possession of the plantations to work the negroes on their own profit."

OLD ABE'S LAST.—Some inquisitive Yankee, likely as not—asked the President "What number of men have the enemy in the field?" "Old Abe" looked serious, and replied—"Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority."

The interrogator blanched in the face and ejaculated, "My God!" The President continued:—"Yes, sir, twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it. You see, all of our Generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumber them from three to five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, three times four make twelve. Don't you see it?" "Can't see it," said the bore, as he brightened up and started for his hat.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens was re-nominated for Congress in Pennsylvania, a few days ago, when, in a speech, he stated that the national debt is now two thousand million dollars. Mr. Stevens is chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and ought to know something of the debt. The loss of men from the loyal states, he says, has been two hundred thousand.

LIST A HUMBLE.—A writer in the Boston Post says of list:—Every ounce of list sent to the army does mischief. It's only use is to cover up the blunders of bad surgery. It is seldom used by the best surgeons here. In the army it is crowded into the wounds by men who know no other way to stop hemorrhage, and there it remains till it becomes filled with filth and maggots. It retains the discharge till they putrefy, and produce intolerable stench. The termination of its work is the death of the patient.

POINDEXTER'S ESCAPE.—Information reached El Paso, by the North Missouri train, on September 18, that the guerrilla chief, Poindexter, escaped from Hudson Thursday morning. The News says to some it is not a matter of surprise. It was feared "that a way would be made for his escape," and it is now reported that the officers in charge of him took the irons off him, and sent him on some pretext with two guards, upon whom he played the "played out" trick of throwing red pepper in their eyes, and ran off. This is the whole story in a few words.

MANUFACTURING FRESH WATER AT FORT PULASKI.—All the water used by the Union forces (the Forty-eighth New York regiment) at Fort Pulaski, Georgia, is condensed from steam generated from the salt sea water, by Frederick Gilmore, from Paterson, New Jersey. When the need of water was felt, Gilmore constructed a condenser inside the fort. The condensing machine manufacturing 4,500 gallons per day, more than is consumed by the troops. This makes good drinking water, and is used for all ordinary purposes. Before the erection of these works, all the water had to be brought down in vessels from Beaufort and Bay Point. Mr. Gilmore is now chief Superintendent of the entire concern.

THE DUNKARDS.—It deserves to be stated that the section of Upper Maryland over which this fierce tide of war is now rolling, is densely populated, and in the immediate theatre of these battles are the homes of many peaceful Dunkards, a quiet order, whose fertile fields, and large farm buildings tell of peaceful agriculture, and whose love of quiet and peace was thus fiercely invaded by the storm of shot and shell, and the dread spectacle of garments rolled in blood. They are non-combatants, and only small slaves also suffered in the same manner.

WHY THE REBELS WERE TREATED BADLY, THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER, AND RATHER MORE ACTIVE, THAN THE FARMERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FARED WORSE.—They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost \$400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

PROVISIONS ARE FIRMER

Wit and Humor.

"DER SMALL POX."

The writer sat alongside the driver one morning, just at break of day, as the stage drove out of Blackberry; he was a thorough passenger to Spanish Point. It was a very cold morning. In order to break the ice for a conversation, he praised the fine points of the off horse. The driver thawed.

"Yea, she's a good horse, and I know how to drive her!"

It was evidently a case of mixed breed.

"Where is Wood, who used to drive this stage?"

"He has laid up mit ter rumatic, since yesterday week, and I trives for him."

I went on reading a newspaper. A fellow-passenger on a back seat, not having the fear of murdered English on his hands, coaxed the Dutch driver into long conversation, much to the delight of a very pretty Jersey blue belle, who laughed so merrily that it was contagious; and in a few minutes, from being like unto a conventicle, we were as wide awake as one of Christy's audiences. By sunrise we were in excellent spirits, up to all sorts of fun, and when a little later, our stage stopped at the first watering place, the driver found himself in the centre of a group of tasters to the distilled juice of apples.

"Here's a package to leave at Mrs. Scudler's—the third house on the left hand side after you get into Jericho. What do you charge?" asked a man who seemed to know the driver.

"Post a leffy," answered he.

Receiving the silver, he gathered up the reins, and put the square package in the stage-box. Just as he started the horses, he leaned his head out of the stage, and looking back to the man who gave him the bundle, shouted out the question—

"Ter first hand on ter left hand out of Terko!"

The man didn't hear him, but the driver was satisfied. He went at a very good rate, considering how heavy the roads were. Another tavern, more watering, more apple-jack. Another long stretch of sand, and we were nearing Jericho.

"Any potty know der Miss Scudler haus?" asked the driver, bracing his feet on the mailbag, which lay in front of him, and screwing his head round so as to face in.

There seemed to be a consultation going on inside the stage.

"I don't know nobody o' that name in Jericho, do you, Lisha?" asked a weather-beaten man who apparently went the same way.

"There was old Squire Gow's da'ter, she's married a scudder, and moved up here some two years back. Come to think on't, guess she lives nigher to Glasshouse," answered Lisha.

The driver finding he could get no light out of the passengers, seeing a tall, raw-boned woman washing some clothes in front of a house, and who flew out of sight as the stage flew in, handed me the reins as he jumped from his seat, and chased the fugitive, hallooing—

"Ife got der small pox; Ife got der—"

Here his voice was lost as he dashed into the open door of the house. But in a minute he reappeared, followed by a broom, with an enraged woman annexed, and a loud voice shouting out—

"You git out o' this! Clear yourself quicker, I ain't going to have you dismising honest folk, if you have the small pox!"

"I tells you Ife got der small pox. Tom's you versteth—der small pox?" This time he shouted it out in capital letters.

"Clear out! I'll call the men folks if you don't clear it! and at once shout in a tip-top voice, "Ike—you Ike! Where are you?"

The made his appearance on the full run.

"I dell you o'more, for der last time—

Ife got der small pox, und Misster Ellis he gifts me a leffy to give der small pox to Miss Scudler, und if dat vrow is Miss Scudler, I promised to gift her der small pox."

It was Miss Scudler; and I explained to her that it was a box he had for her. The affair was soon settled as regarded delivery; but not as regarded the laughter and shouts of the occupants of the old stage-coach, as we rolled away from Jericho. The driver joined in, although he had no earthly idea as to its cause, and added not a little to it, by saying, in a triumphant tone of voice—

"I was pound to gift ter old romans ter small pox."

COLLEGE ANECDOTE.

A correspondent of the *Troy Whig*, writing from Middlebury, Vt., gets off the following good burlesque of the shallow metaphysics and mummery of most modern colleges—

You have published the anecdote of a College student who kept a barrel of ale in his room for the benefit of his health, and who thought it much improved from the ease with which he could lift the barrel in comparison with that operation on his first using the medicine; there is another anecdote of the same person which has not appeared in print. It was the custom at the college where this gentleman attended, for the professors to put to the class miscellaneous questions, which they were expected to answer off hand. On one of these occasions the professor turned to our hero and asked him the following:

"To which, sir, does the united voice of all antiquity ascribe the seniority, poetry or prose?"

The student rose with the utmost gravity, and turning to the large crowd assembled, said:

"Gentlemen, the learned professor asks me, to which does the united voice of all antiquity ascribe the seniority, poetry or prose? I would say in answer to the question, to which does the voice of all antiquity ascribe the seniority—poetry or prose, that I have not the remotest idea to which it does ascribe the seniority, and furthermore I don't care a straw."

The student took his seat, amid, not the laughter, but wild demoniacal shrieks of the class. Even the sober professor could not restrain himself. But discipline must be enforced, and our hero was summoned to appear before the President. As he was not unused to summonses of that nature, he sauntered leisurely to the executive mansion and confronted the Head of the Faculty. This awful personage charged him with the crime of impertinence in the class, and asked him what he had to say for himself. The student made a long speech in exculpation, the groundwork of which was—That from his earliest years he had possessed a great love for the truth, which compelled him to speak it on all occasions. That when asked the question, to which the united voice of all antiquity ascribed the seniority, poetry or prose, he felt that he didn't know or care a straw; and thus was his regard for truth, that he had to say it right out.

AN ITEM ON THE SHIRT QUESTION.—Jack Thigumbob lives by his wife—so he calls himself a literary character, although no body ever heard him say a witty thing. Jack has a washerwoman—who hasn't? "Is cleanliness' shadow, and we are all clean folks. Last Saturday she came to him, bringing shreds and patches.

"Heavens!" cried he, "and do you call that my new linen shirt?"

Jack never in his life had other than cotton shirts, and they were none of the best.

"And faith I do, sure; it's the very same identical shirt your honor gave me last Monday."

"Gracious goodness, woman! what have you done to my shirt?"

"Sure, and I have done nothing but wash it, and ironed it and starched it; the truth is, yer honor, yer shirts are going."

"Call them back, good woman; woo them with new buttons, as children woo birds by putting salt on their tails."

"Och! yer honor, my manes don't permit me to put shirts to my customer's buttons."

A CASUAL CUSTOMER.—In an interior town in old Connecticut lives an old character named Ben Hayden. Ben has some good points; but he will run his face when and where he can, and never pay. In the same town lives Mr. Jacob Bond, who keeps the store at the corner. Ben had a score there, but to get his pay was more than Mr. B. was equal to. One day Ben made his appearance with a bag and wheelbarrow.

"Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn, and I want to pay you the cash for it."

"Very well," says B. And so they both go up stairs, and B. puts up the corn, and Ben takes it down, while Mr. B. stops to close up his windows. When he got down he saw old Ben some distance from the door, making for home.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest," but the latter, replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-made man who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more sturdy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman